

The Elks

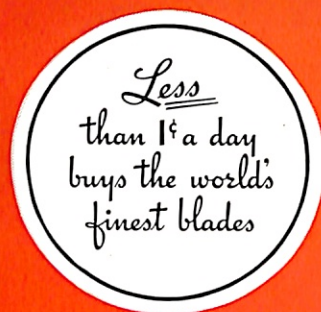
Magazine

OCTOBER, 1937

EASTERN EDITION



ENTWISTLE



Why should she KISS you?

MAYBE "she" isn't the girl in this picture, but somewhere, someone thinks you're wonderful—and likes to kiss you. But if you show up with a "spotty" shave, or stubble, you don't deserve to be kissed. Girls want men to be clean shaven! That's important to them—and it should be to you!

Your "Millionaire" Shave

Even a young fellow trying to get ahead can afford the best shave in the world. Gillette Blades cost less than 1¢ a day—and a millionaire

can't buy greater shaving comfort. Misfit blades that result in uneven edge exposure in your razor, often nick, scratch and scrape. Shave with an *always uniform* Gillette and your face will be clean, smooth, relaxed, refreshed.

Gillette Blades are Best!

Gillette has spent more for precision equipment, devoted more years to research—

Reputable merchants never offer substitutes for Gillette Blades. Always ask for them by name!

produced more blades than all other manufacturers combined! Gillette Blades are made of the finest diamond-tested Swedish steel. They're honed and stropped to the world's keenest edges by Gillette-designed machines.

When the best blade costs so little and a good, clean shave means so much—can you afford to use misfits? Get a pack of Gillette Blades. They'll give you *more shaving comfort for your money—always!*

Gillette



Blades

MORE SHAVING COMFORT

FOR YOUR MONEY

HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, SR., once said: "The ability to deal with people is as purchasable a commodity as sugar or coffee. And I will pay more for that ability than for any other under the sun."

Wouldn't you suppose every college would conduct practical courses to develop this "highest-priced ability under the sun?" To our knowledge, none has.

How to develop that ability is the subject of Dale Carnegie's book.

A few years ago Chicago University and the United Y.M.C.A. Schools made a survey to find out the prime interest of adults. The survey took two years, cost \$25,000. It indicated that their first interest is health—and their second, how to understand and get along with people; how to make people like you; how to win others to your way of thinking.

Wouldn't you suppose that after the members of this survey committee had decided to give such a course, they could readily have found a practical textbook? They searched diligently—yet could find none suitable.

The book they were looking for was published not long ago. Almost overnight it became a best seller. It is today the fastest-selling book published in the twentieth century. More than 600,000 copies have been sold to date! It is outselling any other book in America!

The Man Behind This Book

This book is called *How to Win Friends and Influence People*—and is written by the one man perhaps better qualified to write it than anyone else.

Dale Carnegie is the man to whom the big men of business come for practical guidance on getting along with people successfully. During the last 25 years he has trained more than 17,000 business and professional men and women—among them some of the most famous in the country.

When he conducts his course on Public Speaking and How to Influence People in the ballroom of the Hotel Commodore, or The Pennsylvania, or the Hotel Astor (the second largest hall in New York) the place is packed to capacity. Large organizations—such as The New York Telephone Co., Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, and many others listed elsewhere on this page—have had this training conducted by Mr. Carnegie in their own offices for their members and executives.

This new book grew out of that vast laboratory of experience. As the panel at the top of this page shows, it is as practical as 25 years' success with the problems of thousands in all walks of life can make it.

The Case of Michael O'Neil

Michael O'Neil lives in New York City. He first got a job as a mechanic. When he got married he needed more money. So he tried to sell automobile trucks. But he was a terrible flop.



More than 600,000 people have already invested in this book. And out of its practical pages they have received how-to-do-it help that is daily opening up to them new avenues to happiness and undreamed-of success.

**THIS IS A BIG BOOK
OF THIRTY-SEVEN
CHAPTERS, INCLUDING:**

- The Big Secret of Dealing with People
- Six Ways to Make People Like You Instantly
- An Easy Way to Become a Good Conversationalist
- A Simple Way to Make a Good First Impression
- How to Interest People
- Twelve Ways to Win People to Your Way of Thinking
- A Sure Way of Making Enemies—and How to Avoid It
- The Safety Valve in Handling Complaints
- How to Get Cooperation
- A Formula That Will Work Wonders for You
- The Movies Do It, Radio Does It, Why Don't You Do It?
- Nine Ways to Change People Without Giving Offense or Arousing Resentment
- How to Criticize—and Not Be Hated for It
- How to Spur Men on to Success
- Making People Glad to Do What You Want
- Letters That Produce Miraculous Results
- Seven Rules for Making Your Home Life Happier

An inferiority complex was eating his heart out. On his way to see any prospect, he broke out into a cold sweat. Before he could get up courage to open an office door, he had to walk past it half a dozen times.

When he finally got in, he would invariably find himself antagonizing, arguing. Then he would get kicked out—never knowing quite why.

He was such a failure he decided to go back to work in a machine shop. Then one day he received a letter inviting him to attend the opening session of a Dale Carnegie course.

**"It may do you some good, Mike,
God knows you need it"**

He didn't want to go—was afraid he would be out of place. But his despairing wife made him, saying, "It may do you some good, Mike, God knows you need it."

He went to the meeting. Then he attended every other meeting of the course. He lost his fear, learned how to talk convincingly, how to make people like him at once, how to win friends and influence others.

Today Michael O'Neil is a star salesman for one of the country's largest manufacturers of motor trucks. His income has skyrocketed. Last year at the Hotel Astor, he stood before 2500 people and told a rollicking story of his achievements. Few professional speakers could have equalled his confidence—or his reception.

Michael O'Neil's problem was exactly the same as that of thousands in other fields—the fundamental one of *getting along with people*. He is just one example of what Dale Carnegie's help has meant to more than 17,000 others in all types of endeavor. *What Dale Carnegie has done for them he can do for you.* Look at the chapter headings. They indicate the amount of hard-hitting, priceless information this book contains. But the subject is so intensely important that we say, look at this book without obligation. Then decide whether or not you want to own it.



DALE CARNEGIE

Dale Carnegie is the man the men of business come to for practical instruction in getting along with people. During the last 25 years, he has trained more than 17,000 business and professional men—more than any other living man.

Large organizations such as

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.	Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce
New York Telephone Co.	Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce
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have had this training conducted in their own offices for their executives.

This book is a direct result of Dale Carnegie's experience, the only working manual of its kind ever written to help people solve their daily problems in human relationships.

SEND NO MONEY

Try Dealing **THIS WAY** with People—
for Just **FIVE DAYS!**

This book is sweeping the country. It is leading every best-seller list. The presses are running continuously to turn out 25,000 copies a week.

When you get your copy, simply read it; there are no "exercises" to practice. Then try for five days Dale Carnegie's simple method of dealing with people. Judge for yourself, in your daily life, how easily whatever you do, say, or write can win the friendship and hearty cooperation of others—instead of arousing resentment, friction, or no action at all.

It is not necessary to send any money now. You may pay for "How to Win Friends and Influence People" when it is delivered—with the definite understanding that its price of only \$1.96 will be refunded to you if you wish it. If this book does what we claim, it will mean more to you than *ANY* book you have ever read. If it doesn't, we do not want you to keep it. Mail this coupon at once.

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The Elks Magazine

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"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."—*From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks*

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OCTOBER 1937

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A Money-Making Opportunity for Men of Character

EXCLUSIVE FRANCHISE FOR
AN INVENTION EXPECTED TO REPLACE
A MULTI-MILLION-DOLLAR INDUSTRY

**Costly Work Formerly
"Sent Out" by Business Men
Now Done by Themselves
at a Fraction of the Expense**

**This is a call for men everywhere to handle
exclusive agency for one of the most
unique business inventions of the day.**

Forty years ago the horse and buggy business was supreme—today almost extinct. Twenty years ago the phonograph industry ran into many millions—today practically a relic. Only a comparatively few foresighted men saw the fortunes ahead in the automobile and the radio. Yet irresistible waves of public buying swept these men to fortune, and sent the buggy and the phonograph into the discard. So are great successes made by men able to detect the shift in public favor from one industry to another.

Now another change is taking place. An old established industry—an integral and important part of the nation's structure—in which millions of dollars change hands every year—is in thousands of cases being replaced by a truly astonishing, simple invention which does the work better—more reliably—AND AT A COST OFTEN AS LOW AS 2% OF WHAT IS ORDINARILY PAID! It has not required very long for men who have taken over the rights to this valuable invention to do a remarkable business, and show earnings which in these times are almost unheard of for the average man.

**Not a "Gadget"—
Not a "Knick-Knack"—**

**but a valuable, proved device which
has been sold successfully by busi-
ness novices as well as seasoned
veterans.**

Make no mistake—this is no novelty—no flimsy creation which the inventor hopes to put on the market. You probably have seen nothing like it yet—perhaps never dreamed of the existence of such a device—yet it has already been used by corporations of outstanding prominence—by dealers of great corporations—by their branches—by doctors, newspapers, publishers—schools—hospitals, etc., etc., and by thousands of small business men. You don't have to convince a man that he should use an electric bulb to light his office instead of a gas lamp. Nor do you have to sell the same business man the idea that some day he may need something like this invention. The need is already there—the money is usually being spent right at that very moment—and the desirability of saving the greatest part of this expense is obvious immediately.

**Some of the Savings
You Can Show**

You walk into an office and put down before your prospect a letter from a sales organization showing that they did work in their own office for \$11 which formerly could have cost them over \$200. A building supply corporation pays our man \$70, whereas the bill could have been for \$1,600! An automobile dealer pays our representative \$15, whereas the expense could have been over \$1,000. A department store has expense of \$88.60, possible cost if done outside the business being well over \$2,000. And so on. We could not possibly list all cases here. These are just a few of the many actual cases which we place in your hands to work with. Practically every line of business and every section of the country is represented by these field reports which hammer across dazzling, convincing money-saving opportunities which hardly any business man can fail to understand.

**Profits Typical of
the Young, Growing Industry**

Going into this business is not like selling something offered in every grocery, drug or department store. For instance, when you take a \$7.50 order, \$5.83 can be your share. On \$1,500 worth of business, your share can be \$1,167.00. The very least you get as your part of every dollar's worth of business you do is 67 cents—on ten dollars' worth \$6.70, on a hundred dollars' worth \$67.00—in other words two thirds of every order you get is yours. Not only on the first order—but on repeat orders—and you have the opportunity of earning an even larger percentage.

**This Business Has
Nothing to Do With
House to House Canvassing**

Nor do you have to know anything about high-pressure selling. "Selling" is unnecessary in the ordinary sense of the word. Instead of hammering away at the customer and trying to "force" a sale, you make a dignified, business-like call, leave the installation—whatever size the customer says he will accept—at our risk, let the customer sell himself after the device is in and working. This does away with the need for pressure on the customer—it eliminates the handicap of trying to get the money before the customer has really convinced himself 100%. You simply tell what you offer, showing proof of success in that customer's particular line of business. Then leave the invention without a dollar down. It starts working at once. In a few short days, the installation should actually produce enough cash money to pay for the deal, with profits above the investment coming in at the same time. You then call back, collect your money. Nothing is so convincing as our offer to let results speak for themselves without risk to the customer! While others fail to get even a hearing, our men are making sales running into the hundreds. They have received the attention of the largest firms in the country, and sold to the smallest businesses by the thousands.

EARNINGS

One man in California earned over \$1,600 per month for three months—close to \$5,000 in 90 days' time. Another writes from Delaware—"Since I have been operating (just a little less than a month of actual selling) and not the full day at that, because I have been getting organized and had to spend at least half the day in the office; counting what I have sold outright and on trial, I have made just a little in excess of one thousand dollars profit for one month." A man working small city in N. Y. State made \$10,805 in 9 months. Texas man nets over \$300 in less than a week's time. Space does not permit mentioning here more than these few random cases. However, they are sufficient to indicate that the worthwhile future in this business is coupled with immediate earnings for the right kind of man. One man with us has already made over a thousand sales on which his earnings ran from \$5 to \$60 per sale and more. A great deal of this business was repeat business. Yet he had never done anything like this before coming with us. That is the kind of opportunity this business offers. The fact that this business has attracted to it such business men as former bankers, executives of businesses—men who demand only the highest type of opportunity and income—gives a fairly good picture of the kind of business this is. Our door is open, however, to the young man looking for the right field in which to make his start and develop his future.

No Money Need Be Risked

in trying this business out. You can measure the possibilities and not be out a dollar. If you are looking for a business that is not overcrowded—a business that is just coming into its own—on the upgrade, instead of the downgrade—a business that offers the buyer relief from a burdensome, but unavoidable expense—a business that has a prospect practically in every office, store, or factory into which you can set foot—regardless of size—that is a necessity but does not have any price cutting to contend with as other necessities do—that because you control the sales in exclusive territory is your own business—that pays more on some individual sales than many men make in a week and sometimes in a month's time—if such a business looks as if it is worth investigating, get in touch with us at once for the rights in your territory—don't delay—because the chances are that if you do wait, someone else will have written to us in the meantime—and if it turns out that you were the better man—we'd both be sorry. So for convenience, use the coupon below—but send it right away—or wire if you wish. But do it now. Address

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Traffic!

National Traffic Night Proclaimed

MY BROTHERS:

I call on every Exalted Ruler of our 1,400 Lodges to name the *first Lodge meeting night in November* as National Traffic Night. Appoint a committee of influential and interested members to take charge of the meeting under your direction. Invite the city officials, police officers and commissioners to attend as your guests to discuss this matter.

Every community has a different problem—a discussion with city officials will reveal them. You can readily understand that it would be difficult to submit a plan that would meet the conditions of every town. Therefore, after a conference with your city officials you will be able to set up a local program that will help them.

My request is that as a basis of our national program you undertake to eliminate at least one major traffic hazard in your Lodge jurisdiction. This can be done. It already has been done by several Lodges. In one community there were nine persons killed in 1935 at one point, and this traffic hazard was eliminated by a Lodge with the result that there were no accidents at that crossroad of two main highways in 1936.

The other part of this program is to start a movement to make ticket fixing unsportsmanlike.

And the truth is that it is unsportsmanlike. It is not fair to the police officials who are trying to do their sworn duty to go behind their backs and through political pressure kill a ticket which was merited by the recipient and given by that officer in an honest effort to protect society.

Every judge, whether big or little, will applaud this movement, as he also has no pride in stultifying his office or being a party to making a mockery of justice.

Ticket fixing encourages reckless driving on the part of the youth of our Nation. Statistics show that careless youthful drivers, confident of the ability of their elders to get them out of a summons, are responsible in great measure for this terrible death rate from speeding.

This is not a Utopian idea—it is a practical one—and one which will meet with the approval of every good and fair-minded citizen.

The Order of Elks is one of the most logical organizations in America to promote this movement, comprising as it does a group of influential men in every community.

If every Elk will assist in putting over this program, we need have no fear as to the results which will be achieved in the saving of human lives and the promotion of consideration for others in the traffic program of safety to which we have lent our name and influence.

Chas Spencer Hart

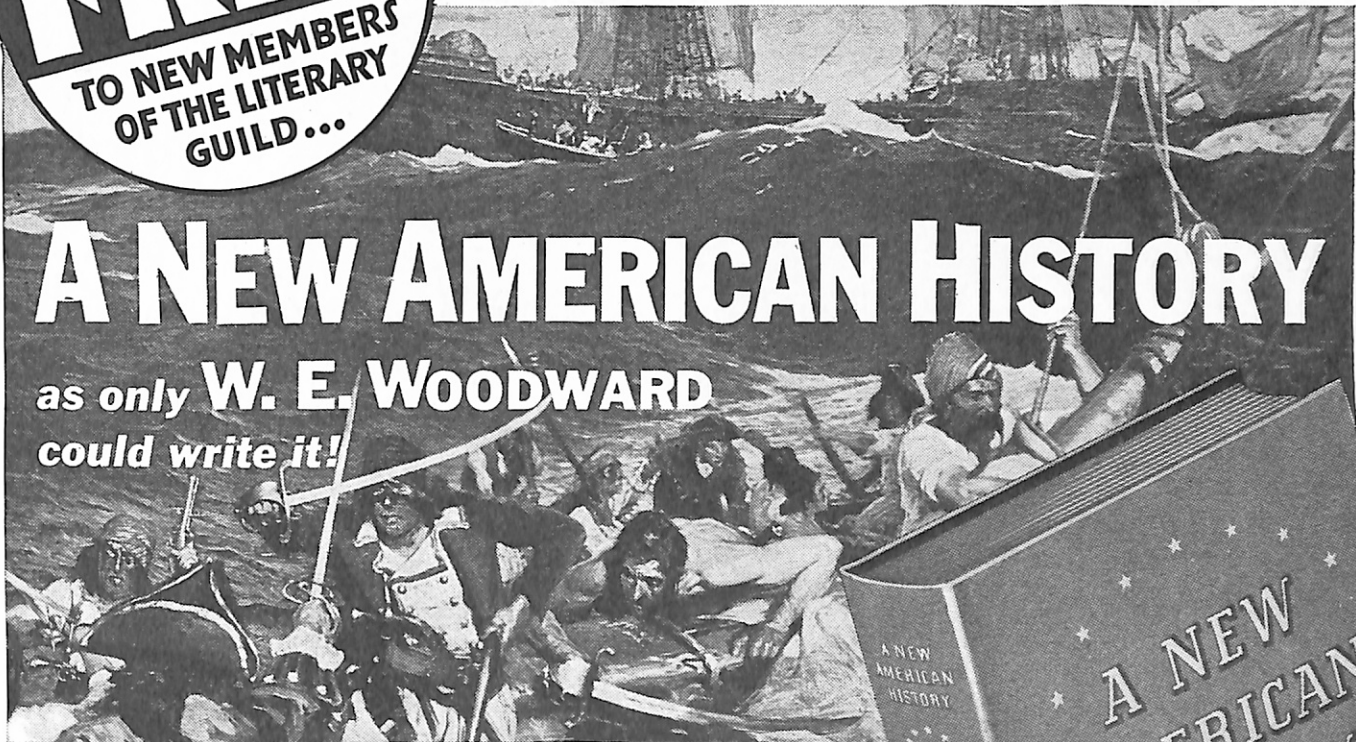
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Captain Kidd *Became a Pirate by Accident!*

He was hired by a British syndicate to chase and capture buccaneers, but the greed of his crew forced him to turn pirate himself.

Called Lincoln a Baboon!

After Lincoln's inauguration, Edwin M. Stanton, who later became a Secretary of War, called him "the baboon in the White House."

Every Woman Was Every Man's Wife!

In the famous "Oneida Community" they called monogamy "selfish love" and every woman was the wife of every man.

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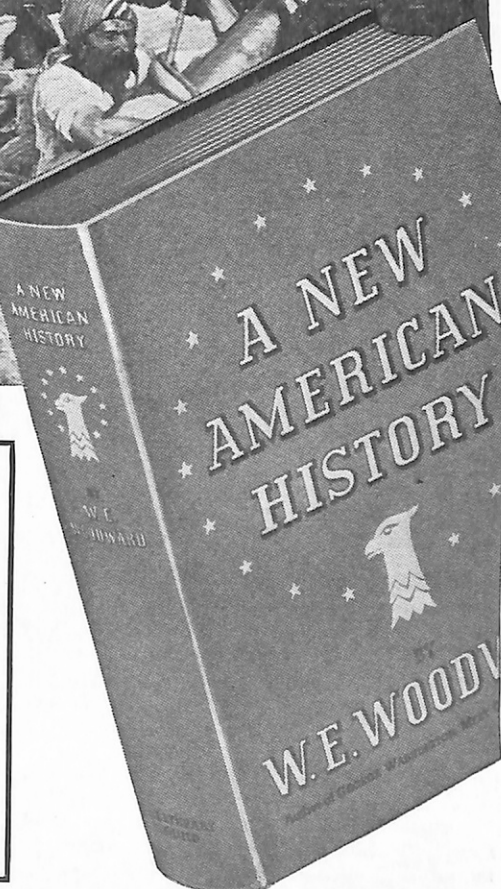
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Below: Yale's head coach, Ducky Pond, with Larry Kelly, the Yale Captain, who was the nation's outstanding player of 1936



The Men Behind the Game

By Eddie Dooley

THE most important figure in the average American college today is the football coach. Educators agree, and have stated publicly, that the football coach in many instances exercises more influence on the student body than does the college president. For four months of each year he epitomizes the ideals, character and traditions of the institution, guides the destinies of its eleven and impresses his own personality and principles on leaders of student life.

The importance of his position makes it imperative that his conduct be beyond criticism; his outlook, healthy and constructive; his judgment, sound and conservative, and his sense of values, constant and unwarped. No one, of course, would suggest for a moment that the football coach be permitted to run the college. But in our present scheme of things, he is a colossal figure whose influence extends far beyond the football team he coaches, into the fibre of the college itself—into the life and thoughts of the faculty and the alumni body.

A goodly number of football coaches today are paid higher salaries than the presidents of the institutions they represent. Sour-minded critics of the great autumn pastime will tell you that this is so because the colleges want winning teams, national publicity and paid-up mortgages on their gigantic stadiums.

There may be an element of truth in such a viewpoint, but the situation is broader and more comprehensive than that. American college football being what it is, the normal student body is eager to have pride in the team that represents it. Loss of pride invariably leads to a decline in morale, a definite decrease in interest and a dropping off of applicants for admission.

A successful football team, on the other hand, builds up in the student body pride in their alma mater, confidence in the faculty and good feeling in the alumni body. A dynamic, intelligent and talented coach is not merely a commercial asset, but an academic necessity.

Less than a decade ago, New York University was notoriously unsuccessful on the gridiron. Known throughout the world for its scholarship, its progressive educational policies and its deep academic traditions, the majority of its students nevertheless were reluctant to admit they went there. The college students of the big metropolitan university had lost pride in their institution, and, in a lesser sense, in themselves. Unconsciously they were humiliated by the trouncings their team took on the field of play.

Along came Chick Meehan, former Syracuse quarterback and coach. He was hired because he knew how to build winning football teams. More than that, Chick knew how to build confidence. He was a master showman, a good teacher and a substantial citizen. He set to work at once. Psychology was one of his fortes, and he used it to fuse new life and new blood into the student body.

He ordered bright, new uniforms for the football squad, uniforms of violet hue with gay white epaulets. They gave the boys something to live up to. He organized a huge band, rich with the glare and blare of brass. He bought a powerful cannon to sound the commencement of every game and signal the good news of a touchdown.

Then he set to work. He fashioned a strong line and a hard running backfield. He convinced the boys they were no different from other boys who were winning games. He taught them the fundamentals of successful play and imbued into them the conviction that they could go out and win just as readily as they used to go out and lose.

The results were almost incredible. Where in the past only a handful of students would attend a game and cheer shyly and almost unwillingly for their team, thousands now poured into the stands every Saturday to take part in the contest. In a few months, the city was strewn with cars boldly sporting N. Y. U. pennants.

Below: Head Coach Lou Little coaching Columbia's linesmen during a session with the line machine



Amos Alonzo Stagg, grand old man of the Chicago Midway, now 74 years old, started his 47th football coaching season as his College of the Pacific Bengals lost to the University of Calif. 14 to 0. He is shown on the bench with Silva, right guard



Photographs by Pictures, Inc.

The students found a new pride in being part of an institution that could hold its own on the football field.

A coach's value and importance do not depend entirely, as many believe, on his ability to teach winning football. If they did, men like Alonzo Stagg, who taught the game at the University of Chicago for forty years; Bob Zuppke, who has long guided the moleskin doings at Illinois, and the late Dan McGugin, who gave the best years of his life to Vanderbilt, would not have remained where they were so long.

These men, like others, had their ups and down, depending, of course, on the material they had to work with. But always, down through the years, in victory or defeat, their value to the institutions they represented was so evident and the influence on the young men whom they coached, so evident, that they were held in high esteem.

MCGUGIN was to Vanderbilt what Knute Rockne was to Notre Dame. About twelve years ago, "Old Dan," as he was known to his friends, had a very bad season. Material was at a low ebb, and the Commodores from Nashville were booted around merrily by most of their adversaries. A group of scatter-brained students started to howl for Dan's scalp. They organized a committee and formally demanded that McGugin resign from the job of head coach.

Armed with a carefully worded resolution, they approached the president of Vanderbilt. His answer was cryptic and to the point. "Gentlemen," he said, "as representatives of the student body you have every right to make your demand. I must, however, remind you of one thing. If you insist on the removal of McGugin as head coach, I will have to exercise the prerogative which is given me in the charter, namely, close Vanderbilt University indefinitely." The students departed quietly and swiftly. McGugin's job was safe.

Three seasons ago, Columbia had a successful football team. It was not a world beater by any means. Princeton tamed it at Palmer Stadium by several touchdowns. Physically it was a small unit, with a light, undersized line, and a small, fast backfield. It was a colorful team, however, and Stanford, pride of the West Coast, eager to play a good drawing card, invited Columbia to go to the Rose Bowl.

The East was inclined to take the invitation as a joke at first. So, too, did Columbia. The very idea of Columbia's little team holding its own with the big, bronzed giants of Palo Alto was almost absurd. To go through with the formalities, Columbia's Athletic Board called a meeting. The idea was to dispense with the question as quickly as possible so that Stanford could be given a formal refusal.

When the Chairman put the question, someone threw a monkey wrench into the plans by casually suggesting that they ask Lou Little, coach of the team, how he felt about it. Lou was sitting at the far end of the table, and everyone expected him to reply in the negative. After all, there was no use putting his head on the guillotine. "What do you say, Lou?" asked the Chairman. "Do you think we should accept?"

"Why not?" came back the big Lion coach, in a voice so full of confidence that one might have thought Stanford a pushover. "I'd like to play them."

Somewhat bewildered at such foolhardiness, the Board hesitatingly gave its approval. One would have thought they were signing their own death warrants. For years, before the advent of Little at Columbia, it was a common opinion on the campus that the Lions could never have a first-class football team. Hadn't the renowned Percy Houghton of Harvard memory failed? Hadn't Charley Crowley, steeped in Notre Dame football, missed out? Wasn't it an established fact that the many distractions of metropolitan life, coupled with the strict academic requirements of Columbia, made good football

almost an impossibility at Morningside Heights?

Little, fashioned of sterner stuff, and possessed of great confidence, paid no attention to such talk. He knew that given a group of average young men he could build a team that would hold its own with any in the land. For several seasons he had labored to construct the eleven which had won this invitation to the Rose Bowl, and better than any other man, he knew its potentialities. He knew the strength and weakness of every man on his team and every substitute as well, and he was willing to put it to the test.

The story of how the little, outweighed, outmanned Columbia eleven whipped Stanford is old now. But those who know the facts will tell you that that game was won by Little—by the power of his personality and the sheer unconquerable confidence he instilled into his charges. Lou believed in his players—believed in them while all the world was getting ready to laugh at the licking they would get. They could not and would not fail him.

They didn't. That little, pint-sized Columbia forward wall ripped into the Palo Alto giants like a mess of wildcats. They bowled the big Pacific Coast boys back on their heels with the fury of their low, head-on charges, and then crossed them up with the famous KF 79. It was not the play that did the trick. It was the spirit, the approach, the knowledge that their own coach believed in them.

The success of Columbia as a football unit in recent years has been due almost entirely to the character, ability and personality of its coach. The material Little works with is not up to the standard, at least physically and numerically, of that at other institutions. But Little's methods, perseverance and talent make up for that.

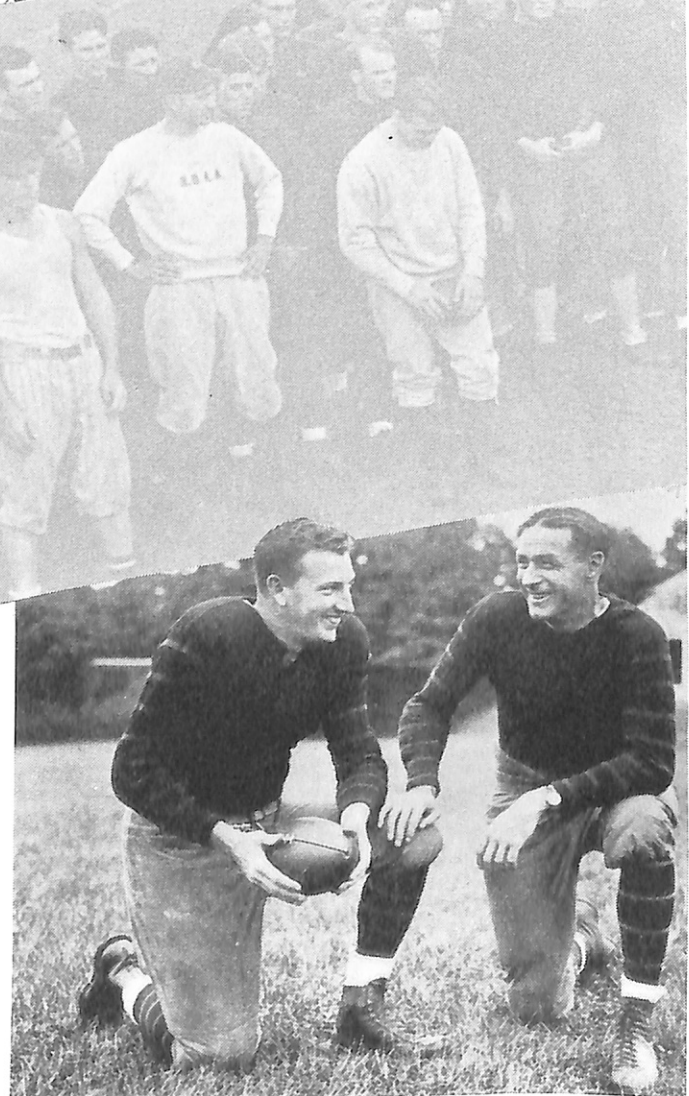
A great player at Pennsylvania in his day, the Columbia coach fairly breathes football. He has made it his life's work to teach it intelligently and successfully. He goes about the task of developing a team with the thoroughness of an engineer designing a battleship. Not a gadget is overlooked. Not a detail is neglected. Every candidate is made an intrinsic part of the enterprise. A powerful esprit de corps is unconsciously developed which eventually embraces not only the team itself, but the entire student body.

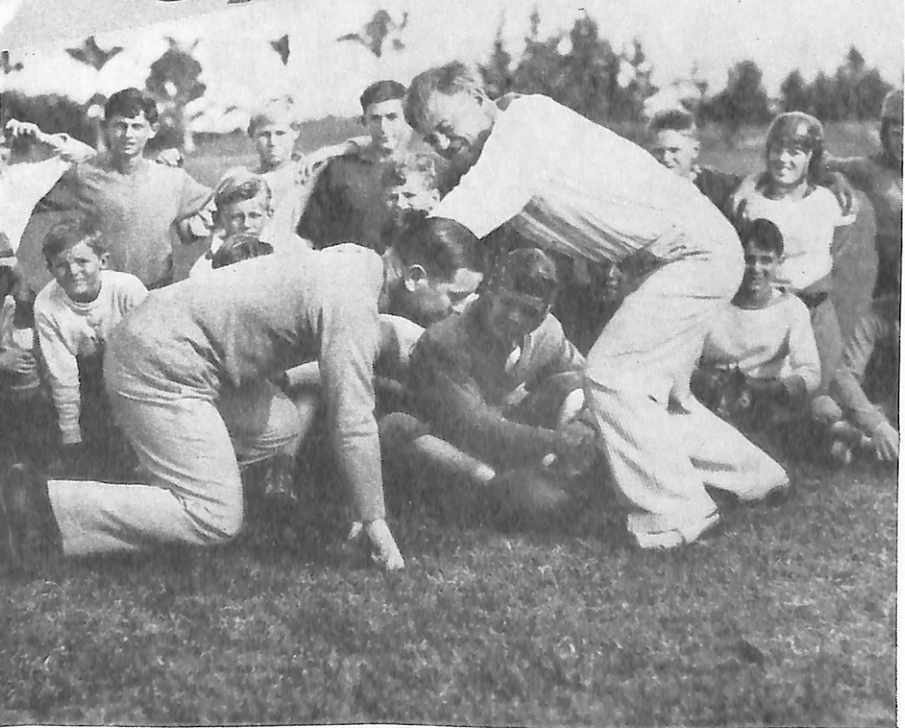
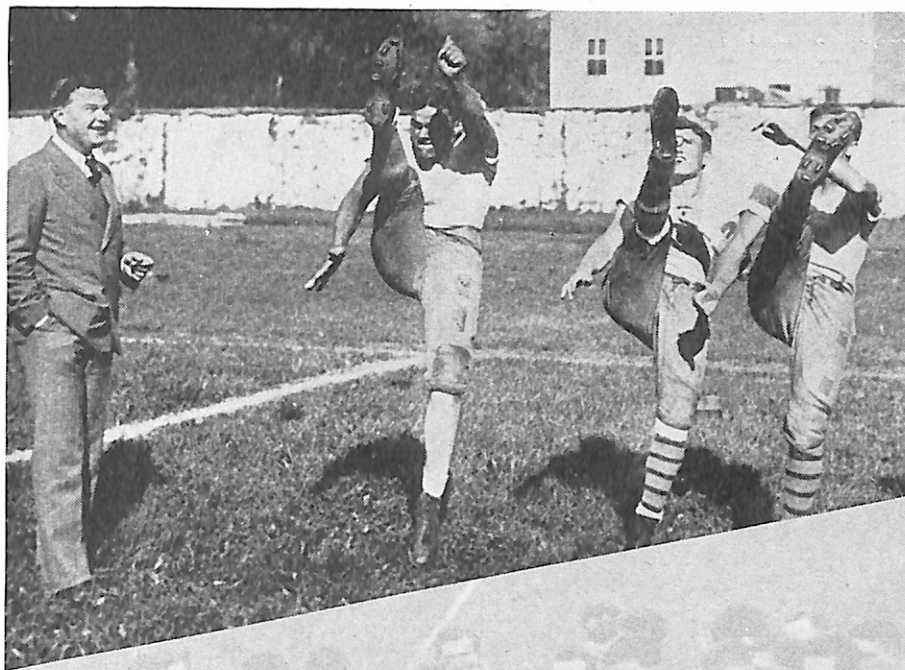
Watch him at work any Fall afternoon at Baker Field, and you get the secret at once. The old adage, "Practice makes perfect," is his standby. Once, twice, even twenty or thirty times, a player, a backfield or the team will rehearse the simplest assignment. It doesn't matter. Simple or complicated, individual or collective, it will be repeated until it becomes second nature to the players. Every angle of the manoeuvre will be worked out until the play functions smoothly and effectively.

The result is high-class football—a winning team. More than that, the whole college becomes suffused with a spirit of wholesome kinship. The students feel that they are being properly represented on the field of play. Instead of an eleven that is being whipped and routed, and being held up as the gridiron door mat, they have a unit of power, and perfection, poise and ability that is turning in one victory after another.

Indirectly, the student body benefits immensely from a strong team. It need not be a winning team only. So long as it is a good team, a team that fights to the last moment of play, that shows it has an intelligent grasp of this complicated and strategic pastime of the Autumn, that reflects truly the real spirit of the college proper, the students are satisfied. It is one of the admirable features of football that near victory is almost as gratifying as victory itself. It is the manner in which a team plays that counts. And the way a team plays invariably is nothing more than a reflection of the way it is coached.

The power and influence a coach wields over a team is amazing. Stagg, the Grand Old Man of the game, who served Chicago University for four decades, and is now coaching the College of the Pacific, rendered athletics an invaluable good. He will long be remembered





for his stirring "fight talks". Into them he injected all the courage, the aggressiveness, the formidable restraint and the crusading spirit that were wrapped up in his own sound heart and mind.

He could take a mediocre forward wall and whip it into a seething barrier of impregnable strength. He could transform a clumsy, fumbling backfield into a veritable tornado of destruction. He could take a sluggish team and by imbuing into it the force of his own personality, fashion it suddenly into an eleven of inspiration—relentless, unbeatable. Just the compelling tone of his voice, against the background of his heroic face, echoing in driving crescendo the prosaic monosyllable, "Fight!", was enough to send a team on the field ready to go so nothing could stop it.

A few months ago I ran across a big cattle owner from the Far West, who once played for Stagg. He told me that in 1925 he ran into financial difficulties. He was almost despondent over the fact that he could not meet the mortgage on his one hundred thousand acre ranch. It looked as though the work of a lifetime would go under the cruel hammer of the auctioneer.

Stagg, on a trip through the West at the time, happened to be his guest. They were sitting at the fire-side one evening talking over old times. Conversation began to lag and the rancher's thoughts turned to the impending loss. Suddenly as he looked at Stagg's impressive face, silhouetted against the flames, he saw a vision of his playing days. Stagg was standing there before the team in the field house, urging them on to greater effort. Back across the long span of years came the penetrating war cry of the Grand Old Man—*Fight! . . . Fight! . . . Fight!*

He sprang from his chair and fairly shouted with his new-found inspiration. He couldn't be licked then; he wouldn't be licked now. Somehow, somewhere, he would find a way. His life's work would not be in vain. He was a new man. Stagg's message, forgotten for years, still carried the same inspirational power.

There is no overestimating the importance of the man who directs the destinies of teams. The late Knute Rockne was a master at keeping his team at an emotional pitch over a period of three months. Week after week, his team ran into the strongest opposition available. There was not a letdown, no chance for a brief respite. (Continued on page 37)

At top left: Dan McCugin, of Vanderbilt, with his son, Leonard. At bottom, left: Captain Elwood Kalbaugh, of Princeton's 1934 eleven, with Coach Fritz Crisler. At top, right: Tad Jones watches some of the boys at practice. Center, the late Knute Rockne giving his boys the low-down. At bottom, right: Chick Meehan and Bob Zuppke show a bunch of kids how it is done

SHE stirred on the turkey feather mattress and sat up, letting the warm September sunrise fall over her face and bare arms, making a pink V on her throat. Through the open door of the cabin she could hear her father's loud "G'long" as he drove their cow in from the woods to the milking shed. Her brothers were already down at the salt well setting up the drill. They would all be clamoring for breakfast soon, and besides, it was a husking day. She should have been up before dawn.

Sudna's feet on the rough puncheon floor found the deer hide moccasins, and she slipped an old linsey-woolsey gown over the cotton night shirt. She went briskly out the front door, began running down hill to the river. As a child she used to race Jeff and Randy along this slope that led to the ford. With her long, smooth-muscle legs under short skirts she could beat them, for she was a year older than the twins.

John McCorken had chosen the location on Wild Turkey Creek because it was the only shallows for ten miles in either direction. Upstream and down, the river rushed between steep, rocky banks and churned over a jagged, impassable bottom. The depression of 1837 had driven many young men west from the genteel confusion of the coastal cities. Great droves of boys from Richmond, Norfolk and Baltimore had taken their girls and gone all the way to Texas to join Sam Houston. But something in John McCorken made him hate to leave Virginia, and Susan felt the same way. They had money between them to buy land in Harrison County, and to build and equip a comfortable homestead. It was wild and free enough out here to suit any pioneer. You could shoot deer, bear and fowl from the front door. John McCorken judged that with railroads pushing west from Washington through Harper's Ferry, this country would soon be clothing and feeding the eastern populations. He thought he had been clever to take a thousand acres by Shining Ledge Falls, for there would be traffic through the ford when highways came. He could not have guessed that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad would build a bridge and trestle at Roaring Gap thirty miles down stream, thus recharting the natural line of travel. For a while John cheerfully cursed his luck, but suddenly he ceased to care. Susan died when she had the twin boys. The girl who arrived first had been called after her mother, but John changed the *s* into a *d* and reversed the last two letters of the name as it had been written in the family Bible. He had a parson come and re-christen the child Sudna—which meant nothing. He was glad of having done so. The daughter was not pretty and petite like the rather frail mother. True, she had Susan's clear, white skin and bright, canary-wing hair, but Sudna grew up to be big as a man.

In the white, tent-like clump of service trees beside the creek, she



Sudna allowed twice as much time as he could need before emerging from her submarine grot

Mermaid in the Mountains

by Holmes Alexander

Illustrated by W. Emerton Heitland

kicked off the moccasins and drew the two garments over her head. Sudna always felt smaller without her clothes, and she was a little ashamed of liking her own nakedness. Unmarried girls were supposed to wear a loose dress in bathing, pulling it up as the water rose to cover the lower limbs, squatting armpit-deep with the clothing firmly clutched on the shoulder. But Sudna took a secretive joy to feel the sun and air upon her body. It was a lover's touch, the

only one she ever hoped to know.

Not that she lacked suitors. Sudna knew what it was to have men stare, and rip out oaths of admiration. The mountaineers judged a woman's conformation as they did a mare's, purely for purposes of utility. They wanted big "young uns" and lots of them. Indeed, if John McCorken had not brought his fine library over the hills and taught his daughter to read, she might have accepted one of the matter-of-fact proposals and reared

her foals like other mountain women. But in those treasured volumes she found words to identify that aching hunger which sometimes made her go to bed and weep. If only just once, some man would forget her biological possibilities and call her pretty, dear God, she'd bear him twenty children and be glad.

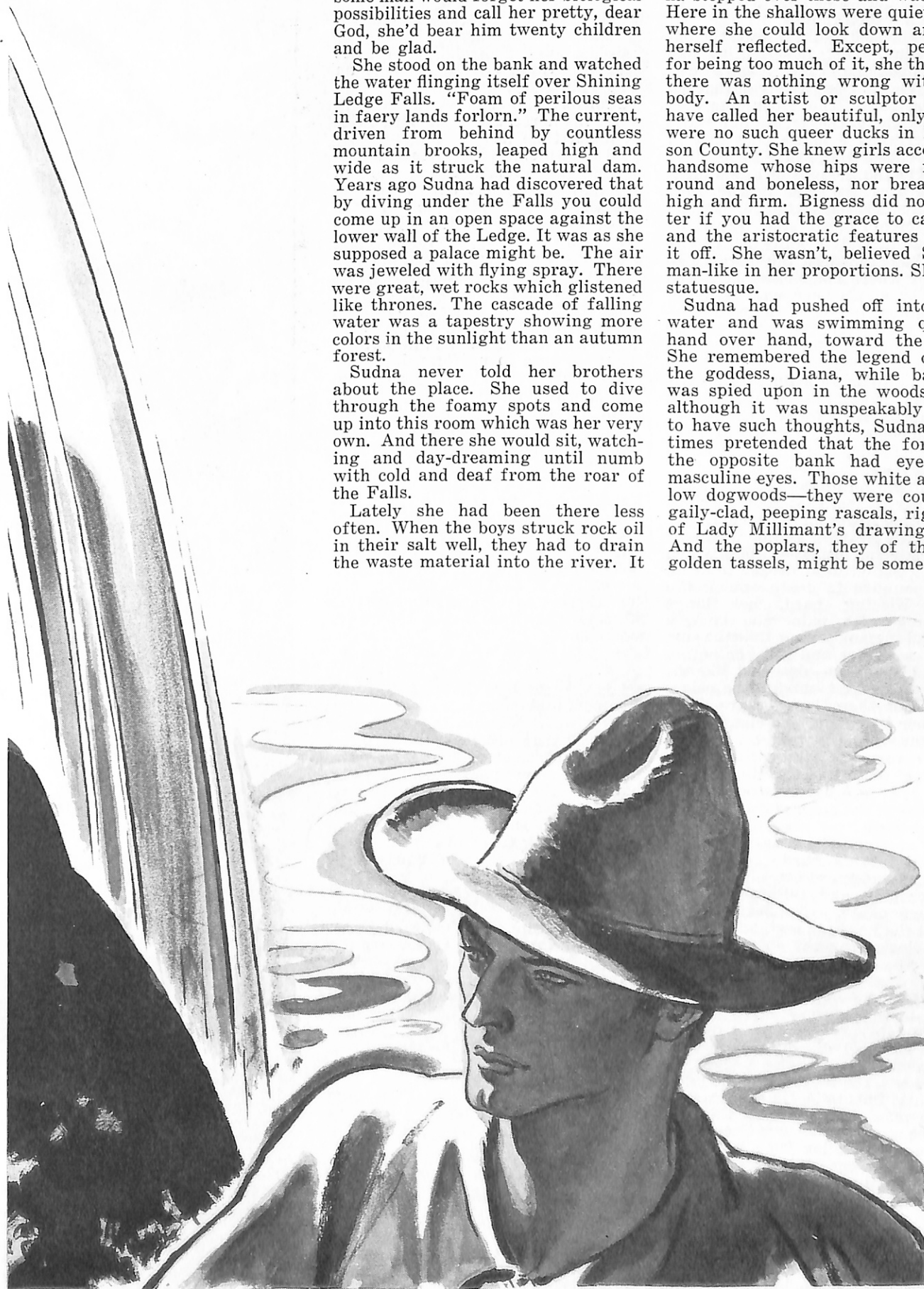
She stood on the bank and watched the water flinging itself over Shining Ledge Falls. "Foam of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn." The current, driven from behind by countless mountain brooks, leaped high and wide as it struck the natural dam. Years ago Sudna had discovered that by diving under the Falls you could come up in an open space against the lower wall of the Ledge. It was as she supposed a palace might be. The air was jeweled with flying spray. There were great, wet rocks which glistened like thrones. The cascade of falling water was a tapestry showing more colors in the sunlight than an autumn forest.

Sudna never told her brothers about the place. She used to dive through the foamy spots and come up into this room which was her very own. And there she would sit, watching and day-dreaming until numb with cold and deaf from the roar of the Falls.

Lately she had been there less often. When the boys struck rock oil in their salt well, they had to drain the waste material into the river. It

was unpleasant stuff to dive through, left you its smell and taste for a week. Today the current was running clean, but there were slimy little ridges of scum along the banks. Sudna stepped over these and waded in. Here in the shallows were quiet pools where she could look down and see herself reflected. Except, perhaps, for being too much of it, she thought, there was nothing wrong with her body. An artist or sculptor might have called her beautiful, only there were no such queer ducks in Harrison County. She knew girls accounted handsome whose hips were not so round and boneless, nor breasts so high and firm. Bigness did not matter if you had the grace to carry it and the aristocratic features to set it off. She wasn't, believed Sudna, man-like in her proportions. She was statuesque.

Sudna had pushed off into deep water and was swimming quietly, hand over hand, toward the Falls. She remembered the legend of how the goddess, Diana, while bathing, was spied upon in the woods. And although it was unspeakably sinful to have such thoughts, Sudna sometimes pretended that the forest on the opposite bank had eyes—yes, masculine eyes. Those white and yellow dogwoods—they were courtiers, gaily-clad, peeping rascals, right out of Lady Millimant's drawing room. And the poplars, they of the long golden tassels, might be some of Sir



Walter's highlanders in bonnet and plaid. But the chestnuts—tall, brown, solid—were more nearly her mates. They were those giant thanes in Macbeth, clanking over the heaths in heavy armor, swinging swords as long as a wagon tongue.

Sudna looked again toward the opposite bank, and fear seized her like a claw upon the heart. A horse was coming slowly along the trail that led into the ford. The rider was still hidden among the trees, but those were certainly a man's boot toes in the stirrups. Her brave imaginings quailed at the thought of a real creature in breeches. Had he the brow of Adonis plus the soul of Romeo, she would scream like a stuck pig if he saw her. Already her instinct of virginity had measured the distance to the spot where her clothes lay. Too far! The man's head was dropping into view as he neared the ford.

Sudna dived. Strong, frantic strokes pulled her forward and down. She was still some distance from the Falls and swimming under the surface was something she had never much liked. But now it was swim or sink. To come up for air would plant her right under the nose of the ornery traveler. She groped panickily in the direction of the Ledge. What a blessing to feel that rough weight of tumbling water on the small of her back! The swirl of the dam caught at her hair and broke the knots which held it. Sudna went deeper to avoid being pounded to death among the rocks. Kicking hard, her lungs throbbing with pain, she knew a dreadful instant of fear that the surf would catch her and kill her before she could come up—drowned, like the fair Ophelia, just outside the palace doors. But then the pressure lifted from her back, and she climbed upward through still waters.

The cavern was bright with filtered sunshine. She had to blink several moments before her eyes became accustomed to the eerie glare. She sat on a shining wet rock, using bent fingers to comb the hair out of her face. Breathing hard from excitement and sudden effort, she felt her breast rising and falling in quick, soundless pants. She leaned back against the Ledge to rest, hair falling like a cloak upon the shoulders.

WHEN she could see clearly, she began to take in her surroundings. The curtain of water was thinner where she had dived through than it was farther up the Ledge. It seemed to let in more light, though it was quite impossible to see through. If the man were crossing the ford now, he must be no more than thirty yards away. Sudna felt a hot spasm of shame at the thought. What if the water should suddenly cease to flow? Oh, she must turn and hide among the boulders! But then it struck her that such a natural inconsistency would not be her fault. If rivers forgot to flow, who could blame a girl for neglecting to keep

herself covered? How like an innocent mermaid she would look, sitting here on the rock! It was a pungent notion! Sudna closed her eyes and sat as she imagined a mermaid would sit down under the sea. She raised the lids again. The waters were still falling.

Sudna laughed aloud. She could not hear her voice, but there came an echo, elfin and haunting.

Probably the man would stop to water his horse. Sudna allowed twice as much time as he could possibly need before emerging from her submarine grot. As she ran up the hill, her hair flying, she saw John McCorken, wooden milk pail in each hand, talking with a stranger. Travelers always stopped for a chat, especially since the war had started. Scouts of the Union and Confederate armies were constantly poking through the hills, spying on each other, though there had been no actual fighting closer than Phillippi. If the man were in uniform, his presence would not have surprised her, but it was difficult to identify him from his garb. The hunting shirt, belted at the waist, with a cape on the collar, suggested his being a trapper. But trappers wore moccasins, whereas this man was booted to the knee. They carried rifles, not pepperbox revolvers. They covered their heads with squirrel skin caps, not wide-brimmed slouch hats. She looked more carefully at the headpiece. He wore it with a military air, but there was no insignia—neither U. S. A. nor C. S. A.—on the crown or brim.

SHE dodged into the back door and commenced frenzied preparations for breakfast. The kitchen, better equipped than others in the vicinity, had a cast iron stove, lugged over the mountains on pack saddles. She shook up the fire and set on a kettle of water. The McCorkens drank tea brewed from the root of ginseng. She made a flying trip to the meathouse. If the stranger stayed for breakfast, she must add cold venison to the eggs and corn pone of the menu.

"Lo, Sis."

Randy, lean and blue eyed, came slouching through the inner door and dipped himself a drink at the water barrel. His flannel shirt, made from the wool of their own sheep, was splotched with oil, though she had washed it only yesterday. He drank with a wrinkling of his long throat and poured the rest of the water over his hands.

"We're hittin' ile ag'in," he told her. "Reckon you best keep outa the crick fer a spell. We gotta bleed it off."

She nodded as her hands flew among the pots and pans. Randy and Jeff had all but given up farming for the business of dipping brine out of the well and boiling it down to salt. Striking oil was a necessary evil of the work. The foul stuff could be sopped up in rags and sold in the





towns for medicine and lamp fuel, but the process was too slow to be profitable. Both armies were buying salt at top prices.

"Who's the stranger, Randy?"

"Says he come to buy salt, but I dunno. How'd he git hyar is what I'd admire to be tole."

"Why, on his horse, of course."

"Whar's iny hoss? Ef he's buyin' salt, how's he gonna tote it away? He come up with his boots soppin' so I reckon he hiked it acrost the crick. Did you see him down yonder, Sis?"

"No."

She was aware that Randy took the word as an evasion rather than an answer. In the mountains it was bad form to ask for information not volunteered. One who did so expected a rebuff. Still, Sudna wondered if she ought not tell all she knew. Evidently the stranger had tied his mount in the woods across the ford. Strange goings-on since the war began. Most of the hillfolk scarcely understood the quarrel between Yank and Johnny Reb. Few had had occasion to take any sides, though John McCorken had ridden down to Clarksburg to vote against Lincoln last year. Since then news had filtered through that Harrison County belonged to a new State called West Virginia, but it made no difference to the hill people. Jeff McCorken came in. He was like his brother except for the brown beard.

"Eatin's yit?" he asked.

"All right," said Sudna. "You call pa."

JOHN McCORKEN still had some of his Richmond manners after twenty-five years in the border land. In broadcloth he would have been a distinguished looking gentleman of fifty with ruddy face, hard blue eyes and chin whiskers. He stood aside to let his guest precede him into the kitchen as if it were the finest diningroom in the Old Dominion. He made a gesture toward the stove.

"Daughter, this is Mr. Peyton. Mr. Peyton, my daughter, sir."

Young Mr. Peyton showed no surprise at the formality. He clicked his heels and bent stiffly at the waist, fixing her as he did with a black, all-seeing eye that made her wince. She was abruptly conscious of presenting a most slovenly appearance, hair hanging loose, cotton nightshirt showing its hem below the shapeless gown. None of this would have mattered in the presence of a mountain neighbor, but one could see at a glance that Mr. Peyton was not long separated from civilization. His hair, black as midnight, was barbered, not merely sheared. His clothes all had a store-made quality. Moreover he had shaved with a razor instead of

(Continued on page 41)

He lowered his head as if to charge but something detained him. In Captain Peyton's free hand suddenly appeared a large Navy revolver

Black Smoke

by Jacland
Marmur

*Illustrated by
Benton Clark*



THE little clipper brig, *Dallia*, rocked gently against the jetty beyond Calcutta Road in the last light of a day in 1821. From the dockhead two men watched her final securing for sea. One of them was the Parsee merchant-prince, Raddaboy Towamjee, Oxford educated, but Zoroastrian to the heart; a huge man who filled his gaudy sedan chair to bursting. The other, standing beside him, young even in those days of youthful shipmasters, was also the designer of the *Dallia*, the first clipper lined ship the Hooghli had ever seen. He was a man with a fixed idea, and they called him Red Tom Blaine.

From the strangely narrow deck came old familiar sounds: the carpenter's maul ramming battens home, the mate's deep voice crying a quiet order in the gloom, the caulker's hammer with its characteristic woodpecker beat tightening the hatch against the expected green torrents of the Bengal Gulf and the China Sea. The *Dallia* was preparing to sail for China against the full strength of the northeast monsoon—an unheard of, an impossible thing!

The elegant Parsee's sedan chair groaned as he stirred ponderously. "Once before, Captain Blaine," he murmured in his heavy voice, "once before you did a foolish thing. But that time when you brought me a hold full of wild pepper from the Karimun Jawa Islands, we made a lac of rupees there. Eh? So? What?"

Tom Blaine did not stir. "I am not looking for lacs of rupees, Raddaboy, or for chests of Sycee silver."

"No." The Parsee's heavy eyelids fluttered. He al-

most chuckled. "You are still on the hunt for Ylang Tao, the pilong raider of the China coasts. . . . And he was not in the Java Sea. Eh? So? What?"

"No, Raddaboy. He wasn't there."

Distantly a Hindu wailed a prayer against the coming night. The brass gongs tolled, and the great river caught throbbing echoes of it, holding them captive, sonorous above muddy water. A ponderous, wall-sided Indiaman came hurriedly riding the last of the tide, yawning wide; tall canvas taut, her courses shuddering in the lee of the point. You could see her men scrambling for the pin rails at an order roared from aft. And her hand horn bawled for passage through the seething river craft. A clap of thunder crashed over her, rumbling to stillness. On the *Dallia* brig a Lascar came along and hung two lamps at the ladderhead.

A strange quality came into Raddaboy Towamjee's black and gleaming eyes. "When you first came to see me some years ago with a wild notion about the pearl

shell business of the Persian Gulf, you were little more than a boy, fresh from a Yankee privateer. And you had the burning eye. I gave you a schooner because of it, and I wasn't wrong. You have brought much riches to my family, and your word, Captain Blaine, is worth more to me than another man's bond. Along the waterfronts of Calcutt', Bombay, Madras, there isn't a sea cunny who doesn't know how Red Tom Blaine can sail. Many of them curse your foolish daring. Yet all of them pull off their stiff tarred hats when Captain Blaine walks beyond the quays. Still, to me, when you stand there glowering from under your brows, the wild boy pops out again. You have still the burning eye. We are friends. So I do not regret the many rupees I loan you to build this foolish ship. Because my faith is not in her. It is in you. Eh? So? What?"

Tom Blaine smiled faintly. Yellow beams of the *Dallia*'s lanterns caught his face. Raddaboy Towamjee was right. He had the burning eye. And when he smiled that way, with a wistful sternness at something not forgotten, it brought youth back to his lean brown cheek, and the tough strength of a seaman in the early twenties. A surge of the river made a sudden gurgling and sucking noise through the jetty posts beneath his feet. He waited till it passed.

"Ylang Tao," he said in a flat hard tone, "sails a war junk with red and yellow mats."

"So I have heard."

"And he flies in action a blue St. George's cross on a pennant field of white."

"I have heard that, too. Even John Company ship will run from it on sight. Where did he get such a notion for a Chinese pilong flag?"

"From the British, Raddaboy. And their charm seems to work as well for a China pirate junk as for an English opium ship. I have wondered sometimes where the difference lay." Blaine hesitated. His fist clenched. "I want Ylang Tao's cross of St. George nailed to the truck of my main!"

The Parsee's eyelids fluttered again. "Eh?" he murmured. "So?"

"For the next months he will be in China seas. Because the northeast monsoon is at its height, and no ship from the Bengal Gulf has yet gone through against its strength to worry him."

"And so that is the meaning of this odd looking, narrow waisted ship. You have put your fortune in her and borrowed from me besides, so that you may chase

Ylang Tao from the South Natunas to the Pratas Reef?"

"Aye. And because the *Dallia* and I, we will show you and all the country wallas how to blast a way through the monsoon's wall of stone!"

"Many men have tried the eastern passage against the northeast winds. They have all come beaten back with exhausted, mutinous crews; with split sails and broken spars. Like crippled birds. They—"

"Ha!" Tom Blaine's eyes glowed. "Because your country wallas and your blasted Indiamen can't sail on a wind. The *Dallia* can. I know! I built her just for that. Close hauled she will lay on it stiff as a lady's hoop, Raddaboy, tight on a tack in a reefed tops'l breeze and clip her eight knots off. Eight knots, I tell you! with the weather in her teeth. Let them laugh at her and at Tom Blaine. They think I've built a toy. Narrow as a sardine, they say, with spars dragging the clouds. They ain't used to it. Forgot already what Baltimore ships did in 1812!"

The head of the Towamjee Family looked up from under his drooping lids. What Tom Blaine said was true enough. For five months of the year the strength of the northeast monsoon in the China Sea lay like an impregnable barrier reef in the way of trade from the Malabar coast to Kwangchowfu, that place the Portuguese were calling Canton. No one had conquered that inexorable wind, though many had tried. Not even those massive, gun-tiered John Company ships who did as they pleased wherever they went in the shadow of England's Jack. They were anxious enough, Lord knows. They were talking now at the New Howrah Docks in Kidderpore of building a paddle-wheel tug with a copper boiler to tow an opium barque against the wind to get an off season lading into Whampoa Roads, because it would mean a fortune that time of year. The Chinese laughed at that "outside walkee" ship. Even Raddaboy Towamjee knew it for a fantastic idea. And here was Red Tom Blaine with a lean and lofty brig called *Dallia* such as no one had ever seen before on the Hooghli shores, swearing he could sail her in the teeth of the wind through Malakka Strait and up past the Pearl River shoals! The Parsee looked at him again.

"And because Ylang Tao burns like a heated iron in your brain, you carry a lading of black smoke for the first time in your life?"

"And for the last, Raddaboy."

"Yes; I know. By your lights opium is worse than the slave ship trade. Why do you do it now?"

The young shipmaster's lips went taut. "I carry the smoke this once, Raddaboy, for two reasons," he said quietly. "An India ship in China waters will mean one thing to Ylang Tao, and one thing alone. Black mud! Opium. If we come in his sight, he will not let me pass with such a prize cargo. It is good bait. Secondly, because I can repay you in no other way. There is no other lading will make any eastern profit this time of year. You've bought that prime Malwa the *Dallia* has in her hold in the black smoke mart for less than four hundred rupees the chest at this season of the year. I have six hundred piculs of it, and I will lay it down for you in Whampoa Roads seven months ahead of the first country ship. I promise you. Seven months! It will fetch you better than a thousand dollars there: two hundred



A huge yellow man came erect from that dark form . . . with his crooked sword-blade in one hand and something small that glittered in the other.

pounds the case. Opium is scarce in China when the northeast monsoon howls. You are my friend, Raddaboy," he finished simply. "On my word alone you have loaned me many rupees to build a ship in which you have little faith. I promise you you shall not lose by it."

"You must want this Ylang Tao very much. Eh? So? What?"

"Very!"

The Parsee looked sharply at him. "Captain Blaine, Sahib," he whispered after a moment of silence, "I will ask no further questions. May the luck be yours."

He clapped his hands. Coolie chair bearers sprang instantly out of darkness. Tom Blaine watched the crimson and blue canopy of the sedan sway into blackness. A murmur of Eastern tongues drifted to him, and the confused babble of the river where the lights danced like fireflies. The little brig heeled gently down and came erect. He didn't notice it. He was thinking of Ylang Tao and a Macao dawn not many years ago. Raddaboy Towamjee didn't know about that. He couldn't be expected to; Red Tom Blaine never spoke of it.

He was a youngster then, with two years of the sea already in his throat that wild daybreak when Ylang's savage raiders swooped up the Praya Grande, looting and murdering in that grim Macao raid. He remembered the leaping flames crackling high toward a dimly paling sky; the shrieks of wounded and the wild crying of the yellow pirate men. He lost his shipmates somehow, and found himself racing alone along a cobbled road with his naked dirk in his hand. There was a huddled shape far in front of him beneath gleaming stone balconies. And as he rushed toward it a huge yellow man came erect from that dark form. The Chinese roared laughter out of a gaping mouth, with his crooked sword-blade in one hand and something small that glittered delicately in the other. And he turned and ran off, leaving behind the cold echo of that laughter and a black heap on the cobbled street.

Tom Blaine stopped, looking down at what the Chinese had left. The man was dead, a man with a fine aristocratic head and a clipped grey beard. Cold rage burned in the youngster's eyes at what he saw, the icy, terrible rage of youth. And then a girl came rushing out of that house and fell to her knees, sobbing. She looked up at last and saw him standing there, a boy with a dirk in his fist, looking somberly down on her. Her face was pale, and she was very young. Tom Blaine remembered that; there was something in her eyes not easy to forget.

"They have killed him!" she moaned. "He had not even a sword. He wanted only to keep them away from me. And Ylang Tao murdered him. Laughing, he murdered him and took from his throat my chain with the little cross of St. George. I loved it so. And I loved him, too. He is my father. He harmed no one. He . . ."

She was so small, so dainty, so helpless and so full of grief. Tom Blaine touched her shoulder. "It was Ylang Tao himself?" he asked.

"Yes," she sobbed. "Yes."

"He will die for it," Tom Blaine said at once. You can say such things at that age.

And mean them, too! "And I'll bring you back your cross of St. George. I promise."

She sprang to her feet. They faced each other for a moment in all that brutal din, in the lurid light of the burning city of Macao; a girl barely fifteen, and a youngster with red down on his cheek. . . . A bos'un's whistle started shrilling far in the distance.

"I promise," Tom Blaine said again. "You must wait!"

"I promise," she breathed simply.

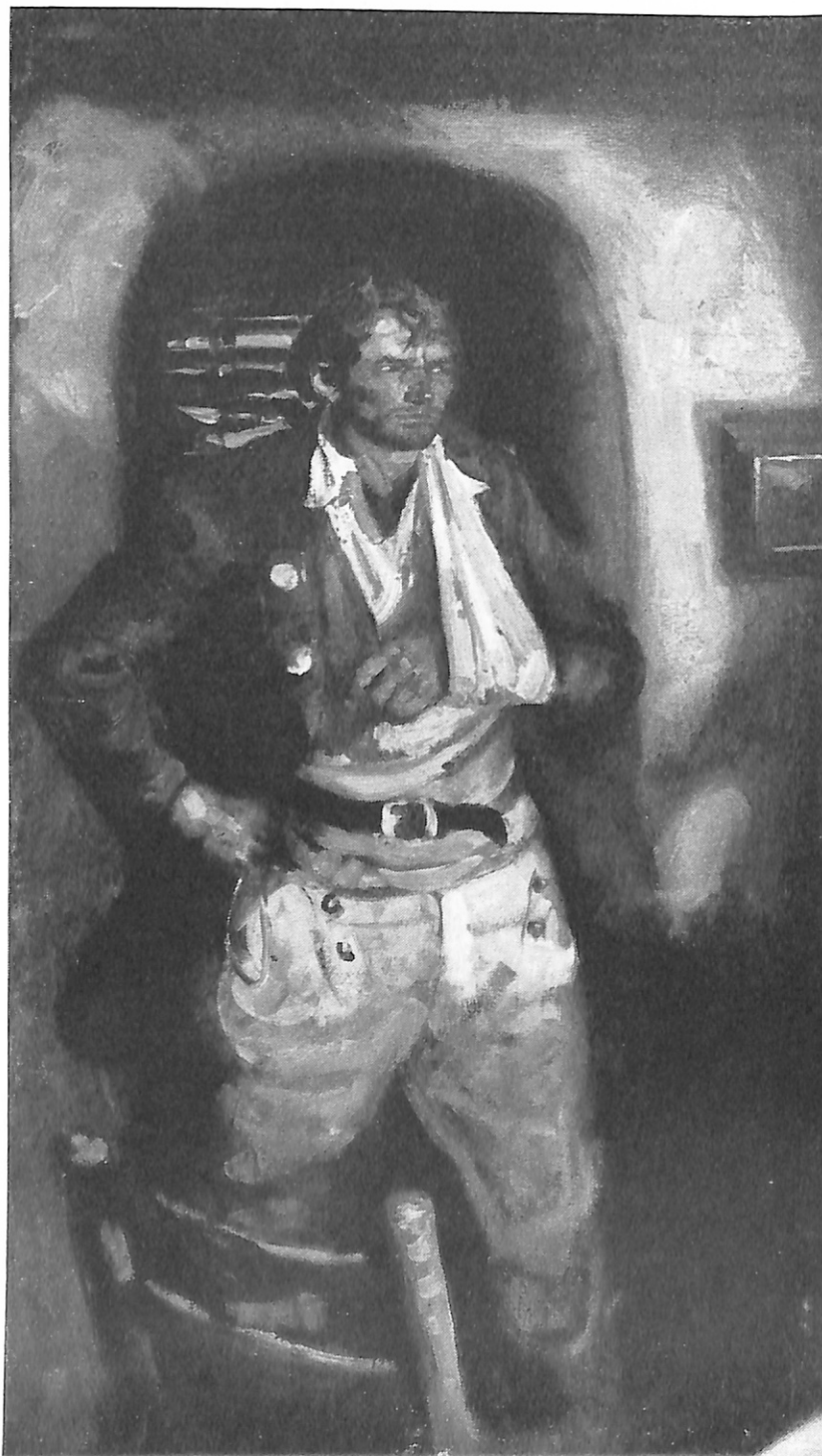
"And your name?"

"Madeline. Madeline Bowers."

"I am Tom Blaine . . . Go inside, Madeline. Go inside."

He turned away, running quickly in answer to that whistle skirling shrilly in the dawn. He looked back only once, and he saw that she was watching him, slimly erect, with wide eyes and a radiant face.

That was what Raddaboy Towamjee didn't know, that



*"You are an insolent fellow.
What do you wish before I have
you thrown out?"*

night when he left the *Dallia* and her master to the noisy suck of the river's flood. But Red Tom Blaine remembered. Some men are that way; Tom Blaine was one of them.

It was just before dawn when the *Dallia* dropped into the stream to take the morning ebb. Those few who saw her stopped to look again. She was well worth looking at. Seen in that pearly light, she seemed a yachtman's dream, hulled as lean and narrow as a snake, with no encumbering galleries. Built for speed, with a cut-water like a knife's edge and a sheer like a young girl's waist. And above that slim black hull two masts raking severely aft with spars unfolding canvas to the sky. Forerunner, the *Dallia*, of those later true clippers that were soon to stagger the imagination of men as they raced for China tea and silk, Australian grain, and California gold.

Opium, strangely enough, is what did it: black mud

for the Canton smuggling market where the price was soaring heavenward. Out of that mud of misery fabulous fortunes were dug. And yet in its black smoke was born—by that ancient law of irony—the most beautiful thing ever fashioned by the mind and the hand of man. The first true clipper ship. In that black mud is twined the roots of modern merchant lords, of proud shipping lines who would not care to have it known where lay their birth and on what substance was nurtured their early days. That same black smoke twines in ghostly swirls across the house flags of today, across the bright pennants of stately twin-screw liners who do not know or care what once the season of the northeast monsoon meant.

But Red Tom Blaine, that early dawn on his ship, had another thing in his brain as the *Dallia* brig made her way to the Bengal Gulf. She passed the country wallas on her way downstream. They lay marooned along the foreshores, useless for the Canton trade until the monsoon changed. Small wonder! Built like square crates, of Malabar teak throughout, with ponderous galleries, it took half a gale abaft the beam to give them steerage-way. On those high, ungainly poops the shipkeepers had heard what Red Tom Blaine was about. And they lined the rails, roaring laughter as that slim hull swept past.

That afternoon Tom Blaine picked up the Gaspar buoy; by nightfall, pilot-free, felt the first lowing of the deep water wind. He stood peering aloft while two Manila men, black specks on the royal yard, cast the gaskets loose and scrambled down, a little frightened by that dizzy, rocking height.

"Sheet home," someone cried presently, "sheet home to the fore royal, sir!" And a moment later, "Sheet home to the main!"

Tom Blaine grinned. The *Dallia*, heeling down, jockeyed for a moment in the lumping seas. Then she found her pace. The first shot of spray leaped over her rail and swept across to leeward. Outside she passed the Royal George, proudest ship of the East India fleet, wallowing off the heads for a slant like a tubful of lathering suds. A red faced baronet, taking the air on his stern gallery there, saw that leaning thing rush past, and caught the gleam of sleek long-toms—twelve pounders—in their lashings on the quarter deck. He scowled at that, wondering what in blazes that ship was up to, heading for China waters that time of year. And in the waist of the *Dallia* a bos'un's mate wondered, too, nudging a leather-faced gun layer who stood at his side swaying to find the strange vessel's gait.

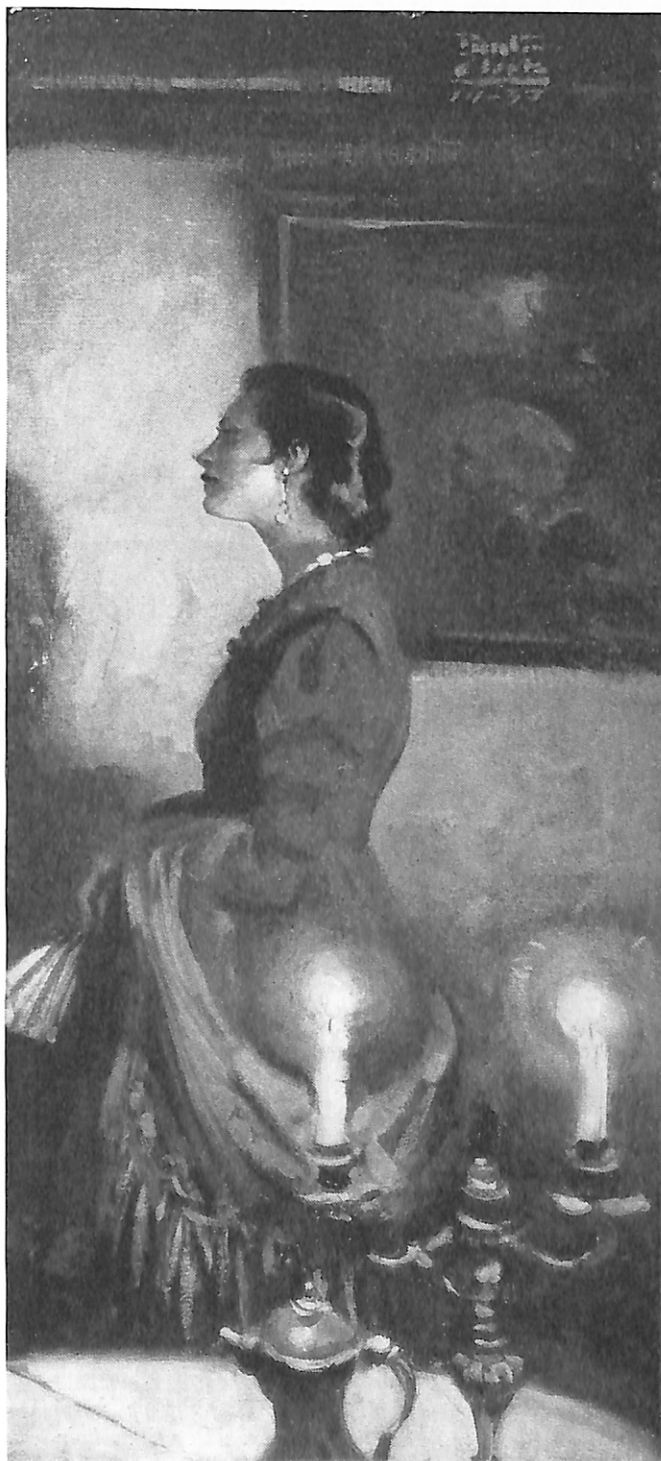
"What's he up to, Red Tom, this time?"

The gunner shifted his cud, spat leisurely overside, and watched the brown blob dash by. He whistled softly. Going some! he thought. "Red Tom?" he growled then. "Same thing. Wants that Chinees they call Ylang Tao."

"Why can't he let him be?"

"That ain't no business of mine. I come aboard this gal in Calcutt 'cause she looks right spry. An' when I ask Red Tom how it is for a berth, he wants to know can I lay a gun." The leather-faced fellow snorted indignantly. "Can I lay a gun, he wants to know. Me, who was quarter gunner for a year an' two month in the Yankee *Constitution*! So he lets out that roar o' his that I'm the man he wants. An' here I am . . . But you take a tip, m'son, once we haul clear o' Malakka Strait, keep your eye peeled good aloft for a junk with red an' yellow mats. She'll mean extra play for your drink in Old China Street. . . . *Sa-ay!* Look at this daisy kick along!"

No one thought she could do it. But fifteen days later the *Dallia* stood north of Singapore, weaving her needle bowsprit against the northeast wind. Tack by long tack, starboard and port, tight on the monsoon gale she stretched it out to gain a little nothing day by day. Red Tom Blaine drove her like a maniac, but it was plain he knew what she would do. A grey headed master's mate gave up his anxious worrying at the sight of spars bending like whips, at the screaming drum of wind and sea, at sheets of spray bursting high as the topsail yards. He got used (*Continued on page 45*)



Warner Brothers once more crashes through with a cinematic tour de force in "The Life of Emile Zola", starring Paul Muni, below seen with Erin O'Brien-Moore as "Nana". The film has received the widest acclaim. It is our guess that the critics will have a battle to the death trying to select between Mr. Muni as Zola and Spencer Tracy (for his brilliant portrayal of "Manuelo" in "Captains Courageous") for the best screen performance of the year.

SHOW

Business



Above: Garbo appears as the Countess Walewska and Charles Boyer as Napoleon in M-G-M's latest presentation of the great Swedish tragedienne in "Conquest". Miss Garbo turns in a magnificent portrayal, while Mr. Boyer bravely sacrifices good looks for accuracy in depicting the Emperor. As usual, Miss Garbo Gives All For Love, and gives it with her customary emotional intensity.

Hollywood has now teamed Burgess Meredith, the Great White Hope of the American legitimate stage, with Ann Sothorn in a little number entitled "Don't Forget to Remember". This strange bit of casting results in a story of a rich young man trying to escape from the clutches of a family of gold diggers (all except Miss Sothorn, naturally) and must have nigh onto turned Mr. Meredith's hair gray.



Left: Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers share "Stage Door", the cinema version of the play about a group of stagestruck girls which interested Broadway for a considerable time. Miss Hepburn is alternately spoiled and noble, and Miss Rogers sophisticated and sensible. "Stage Door" is an unusual and interesting film, with moments of memorable acting and directing, and good, clean photography with few technical tricks.

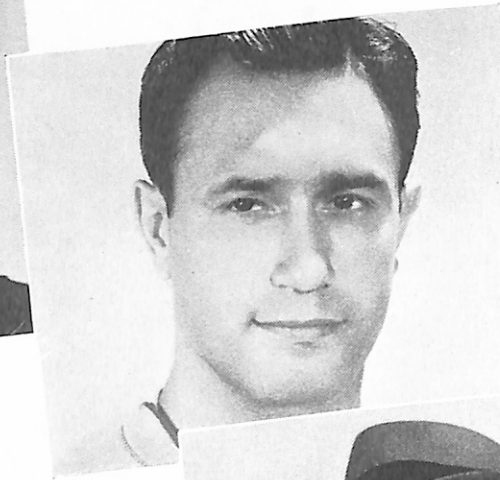
Right: Charm and good humor once more come into their own when William Powell and Myrna Loy, M-G-M's chief exponents of those agreeable virtues, get together in a raffish comedy called "Double Wedding". Miss Loy is, as always, gracious, Mr. Powell quizzical, and the dialogue and direction sparkling.



Above is Marlene (Venus) Dietrich with Herbert Marshall and Melvyn Douglas in an unmistakably Lubitsch scene from Paramount's "Angel". Since the film was produced and directed by Mr. Lubitsch, it is shot with his usual suave and faintly leering sophistication. Miss Dietrich continues to be the world's most beautiful woman, if not its best actress. After all, you can't have everything.



Peter Lorre, above, gets away with murder in "Look Out, Mr. Moto!", another story of the dreadful little hero created by John Marquand. Mr. Moto waltzes himself into, and out of, more jams to the minute than you could believe possible, and he does it with Mr. Lorre's own macabre charm. It's all in the spirit of good clean dirty work, and ends up as a thundering good adventure story.



Football on the Air

✓ The five gentlemen appearing on this page will, by the end of Fall, be familiar to all football fans. For the various broadcasting companies they will describe the big football events and discuss the pros and cons of the game. At top is Fort Pearson, NBC announcer, who will be frequently heard.

✓ To right of Pearson is Benny Friedman, who will announce for the Mutual Broadcasting System.

✓ Below Friedman comes Bill Stern, NBC sports announcer, who will be teamed with Pearson in describing the gridiron contests.

✓ At left is Ted Husing, Columbia's ace sports reporter, who will give the actual play-by-play accounts of big games.

✓ At lower left is Eddie Dooley, former All-American quarterback from Dartmouth, who contributes frequently to this Magazine, and is, in fact, author of "The Men Behind the Game" which appears elsewhere on these pages. Dooley will conduct a series of football forecasts and summaries every Thursday and Saturday from 6:30 to 6:45 E.S.T.

What America Is Reading

Highlights in New Books

Reported by Harry Hansen

FROM now until Christmas new books will come piling off the presses by the thousands. Some will be contributions to learning and may be sought after fifty years from now; others will merely be "reading matter," memorials of a fine tree converted to pulp wood. A few will create laughter and tears and may be remembered in the bosom of the family as good stories.

Amid this flood of books I am supposed to be a guide, but I feel more like a traffic cop. There are so many books rushing by that I have difficulty even catching their names. But now and then I can put up a hand, yell "Stop!" and get a closer look at a few. For instance, I wouldn't want to miss Walter Lippmann's clear talks on politics and government in "The Good Society." Having enjoyed Hendrik Willem van Loon's "R. V. R." the life of Rembrandt, I shall want to get acquainted with his new survey of culture, "The Arts." The controversy over the methods of doctors in England makes me want to read A. J. Cronin's new novel, "The Citadel." E. F. Benson's talents as a writer make me welcome the four short novels that have been put together under the title of "Old London," and that will remind readers of the format of Edith Wharton's "Old New York." The prize novel, "Katrina," by Sally Salminen, the Scandinavian woman who worked as a domestic servant in the United States before she won the prize, awakens my curiosity. And knowing the beauty of Sara Teasdale's poetry, lately admired by many who have heard it for the first time on the radio, I shall refresh my memory and increase my pleasure by dipping into the new "Collected Poems" that bear her name.

Within a few weeks readers will be asking for suggestions for gifts. I am keeping my eyes open for the coming of that full-color edition of "The Birds of Audubon," which the Macmillan Company is preparing from the original plates. Last season Constance Rourke's "Audubon" gave an inkling of the beauty of the plates. Audubon (1785-1851) was as truly a discoverer as the men who



Walter Lippmann, who endeavors to interpret the needs of modern civilization in "The Good Society" (Little, Brown & Co., \$3)

found rivers and mountains. He found the birds of America, drew them with the fervor of the artist and the eye of the naturalist, peddled his books from door to door for a lifetime. The great elephant folio of his drawings has been sold for as high as \$12,000 a copy in book auctions. Copies have been broken up so that drawings might hang in many homes. The new volume will have color prints of all his birds. Keep it in mind; it will make a fine gift for Christmas.

FROM birds to beasts is but a step. Once authors wrote at length about bears and buffalo, now they study the antics of curious, little-known creatures. "Animal Treasure" by Ivan T. Sanderson, a young British zoologist, describes animals observed in the territory of Nigeria, West Africa. Now they are frogs

and ants, now monkeys and gorillas; horse flies, crocodiles and that curious water antelope that gets only a little bigger than a rabbit; the white mongoose, the bush-tailed porcupine, the python that lives in the ground. Mr. Sanderson, who is 27, describes his experiences and observations, adding many chapters to our knowledge of jungle lore. Easy to read, filled with adventures; to be enjoyed by readers who follow William Beebe's writings. (Viking Press, \$3)

WALTER LIPPMANN ON LIBERALISM

FEW men in modern life are equipped to understand and interpret the grave problems of national and international significance. The intemperate debaters, the noisy men with theories, hold the stage. But through these years of turmoil Walter Lippmann has held fast to his purpose—to interpret and understand the needs of modern society. The results of years of thinking are placed before us in his lucid English in "The Good Society." Here he examines the passion for collectivism that is expressed in Communist and Fascist states. He traces the growth of the confidence in liberalism and the recurrent fight of mankind to be free. He sees a strong tide carrying men toward despotism, in the belief that this will insure peace and plenty; he also finds democratic states leaning toward a gradual collectivism, "trying to determine whether a society can be planned and directed for the enjoyment of abundance in a state of peace." He says in his introduction that he came to the conclusion that "a directed society must be bellicose and poor. If it is not both bellicose and poor it cannot be directed. I realized then that a prosperous and peaceful society must be free. If it is not free, it cannot be prosperous and peaceable." His book explains how he reaches these important conclusions. As always, he makes no pretence to possessing exclusive knowledge. The very clarity of his writing, its freedom from technical terminology, is heartening. Those who believe that liberty is not a mere catchword, but a living idea, will be encouraged by this book to go on hoping, and possibly working, for a better world. (Little, Brown & Co., \$3)

KEEPING UP WITH THE LATEST

QUICK glances at new books: What to give children to eat is the subject of "40,000,000 Guinea Pigs," by Rachel Lynn Palmer and Dr. Isadore M. Alpher. They believe that malnutrition is responsible for many childish ills. There is a lot of sound advice here. (Vanguard Press, \$2) . . . How seamen amuse themselves in port is responsible for the exciting passages in "Harbor Nights" by Harvey Klemmer. What he tells about the waste of war supplies in France is a sad page for tax-

(Continued on page 48)



Marrying wealthy women and getting them to settle their fortunes on him

DURING the breakfast hour on Saturday, December 8, 1821, a bold jail delivery was attempted from the stone prison at Lechmere Point, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Although the fugitive managed to escape beyond the walls and into an adjoining cornfield, he was speedily captured and returned to a stronger cell. Some ten days later, he was taken to the gallows, and, according to the judgment pronounced upon him, was "hanged by the neck until dead".

This whole incident was pretty exciting, of course, locally, because it was the first jail-break in that vicinity for upwards of a score of years. But it achieved a genuinely national significance within the week when the prisoner, one Michael Martin, under the sentence of death for armed robbery, confessed two highly important facts: (1) that he was known abroad as "Lightfoot," and was, therefore, recognizable at once as the lieutenant of the most feared and infamous highwayman of that period in the British Isles—Captain Thunderbolt; and (2) that his escape from Lechmere Point Prison had been made possible through certain tools recently and mysteriously smuggled to him there by this same Captain Thunderbolt who, from all reports, should have been operating just then near Galway, Ireland.

The realization that the internationally notorious brigand, Thunderbolt, completely eluding the British authorities, had slipped, undetected, into the United States, threw the country into a panic. The further realization that, since he had, quite possibly, made direct contact during the week with Lightfoot in the prison at Cambridge, he was still probably lurking in

The Mysterious Case of Captain Thunderbolt

by Trentwell Mason White

Illustrated by Marshall Davis

the neighborhood, was enough to give New England an attack of the jitters from which it did not recover for the next quarter of a century. For the name of Captain Thunderbolt was, on both sides of the Atlantic, a synonym for some of the most violent, daring and romantic deeds of highwaymanry since the days of Robin Hood. There was a price of 5,000 pounds upon his head in Scotland alone, and the total of the rewards offered in Europe sounded like a king's ransom. Yet no man could ever be sure that he had seen the Captain's face, nor could any two agree upon his stature or the details of his dress. But his challenging command to a victim, "stand still, you rascal, or I'll blow your head from your body!" was virtually a household expression in



these United States as well as in Great Britain.

Little wonder was it, then, that the police departments of New England, New York and other States along the Eastern seaboard immediately sent out warnings of Thunderbolt's suspected presence here. "All citizens are hereby informed (said one of the circulars from Connecticut) that the desperate John Doherty, alias Captain Thunderbolt, for whom rewards totaling many thousands of pounds are being offered abroad, is now in America. His aide, Michael Martin, also known as Lightfoot, was, some months ago, captured in Springfield, Massachusetts, after robbing at pistol point Major Alfred Bray in Medford. Martin was hanged for this crime in Cambridge, December 18, of the current year. Thunderbolt is, however, still at large. Citizens are therefore requested not to travel at night except with arms or armed guards, and are to report at once to local authorities any word of the appearance of this highwayman. Do not offer resistance to this man. He will be carrying two brass-bound pistols and will fire at a word. Keep your homes and shops barred between the hours of 6 P. M. and 7 A. M. Do not answer knocks from travelers after dark. Innkeepers are especially warned to report any suspicious characters or actions in their establishments."

The story of Captain Thunderbolt's early life in Great Britain, of his coming to the United States via the West Indies in 1819, and of his later activities until his death in a little white farm house on the banks of the Connecticut River in Vermont, has never before been told as a continuous narrative. The facts of it gathered from Lightfoot's confession, from a series of pamphlets, *Novels and Tales*, published in 1847, and from information drawn from old diaries, courthouse records and conversations with aged Vermont residents, make up one of the most amazing chapters in the annals of

American crime. For all its veracity it bears the earmarks of prodigious fiction.

Captain Thunderbolt was born John Doherty on the 9th of February, 1784, in a tiny hamlet near the village of Crawford, Scotland, a half day's ride from Glasgow. His parents were hard-working, respectable folk whose hope was that their son might grow up to take over his father's occupation, blacksmithing. Such a trade was clearly without appeal for the boy, however, and when his father attempted to apprentice him, he replied by running away and staying away for some four months. John was rising eleven years old at the time and his willfulness at such an early age made the family shake their heads sadly. He returned from that first trip with about eight pounds and a new gold watch in his pocket, and he refused to explain how he had acquired the fortune.

Thereafter the youth did pretty much as he pleased,



*He at length wormed himself
into my confidence and I told
him the history of my life*

*Muffled up to the eyes, heard the
horrificed pupils' lessons*



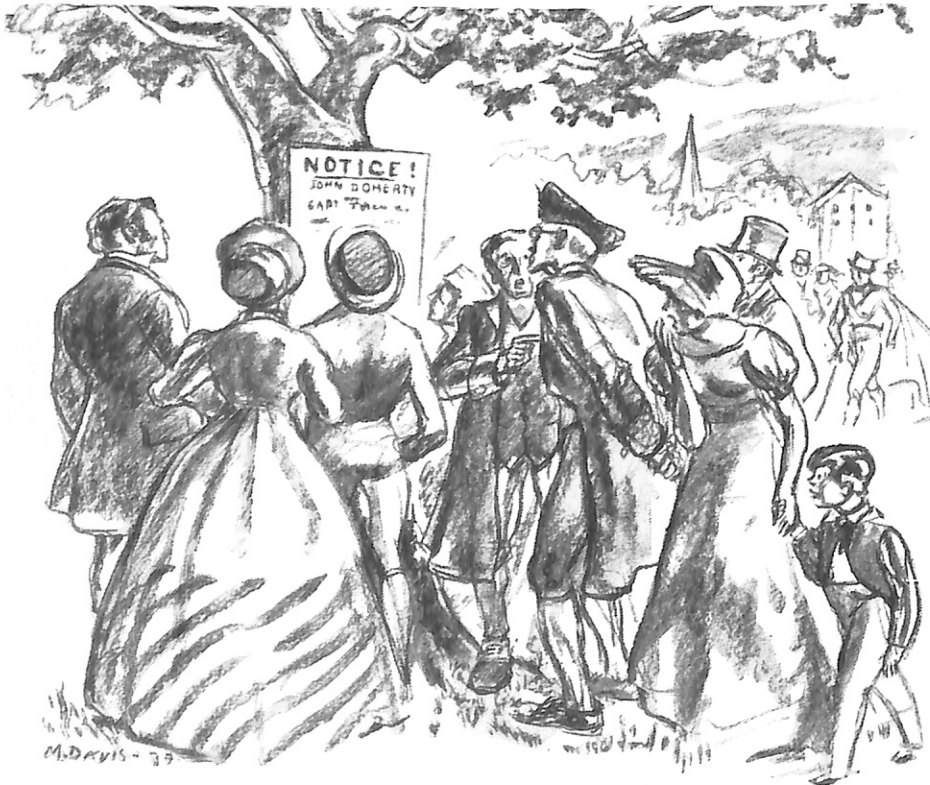
sneaking off to drink beer in the cellar under the local pub, disappearing when his father threatened him with a cudgeling, coming back usually within a few weeks with smart new clothes, a new horse and fresh money in his purse. He continued to refuse to discuss the sources of his income, and his mother, worried into a fatal illness, at length appealed to the parson of the kirk in Crawford to come and reason with the boy. This the man did and received for his pains a roar of laughter from young John who, when the preacher left, handed him an old leather wallet which he had stolen from the preacher during the lecture. Two days later, on the morning of his eighteenth birthday, John Doherty arose, left his home without a word to anyone except his married sister in Crawford, and was never after seen there again. From that time on until he left the British Isles for the West Indies on May 13, 1819, he made an annual visit, privily, to this sister and kept her mouth sealed by generous gifts of money. But John Doherty was dead so far as his family and the world were concerned. In his stead came a person who was to make Robin Hood look like a two-penny sneak thief, and this was Captain Thunderbolt—the terror of two continents in the early 1800's.

Thunderbolt was, in character, an extraordinary mixture. To begin with, he was essentially an exhibitionist. He had from childhood up visualized himself as exactly the sort of man he became—bold, unpredictable and dramatic; an individual whose acts were to be justified always by his economic philosophy. He believed, he said, that property should be made equal; that if the rich would not give their wealth to the poor, he would champion the downtrodden and get the money for them. He

would stand against the economic royalists of that day and win. And he did win vastly for more than a score of years and practically without molestation. Now and again he would leave the highway to get at larger amounts of money by marrying wealthy women and having them settle their fortunes on him. This he did once in Scotland, once in England and twice in Ireland—all without benefit of divorce. In each case he left the new wife when he had secured all the cash and other negotiable property she had, then shoved on to the next opportunity. Some years after his arrival in America he married his fifth wife—a Vermonter—but she, apparently finding out about his past, divorced him a very short time after the wedding.

From 1805 until July, 1816, Captain Thunderbolt played a lone and colorful hand. During this period his imagination, his gift for mimicry and his acting ability had developed along with his technique as a highwayman to a point at which every resemblance to John Doherty had disappeared. He assumed a fresh rôle with every hold-up and thus so befuddled the authorities that no one had any reliable description of the man for identification. His favorite expression, however, "I am Captain Thunderbolt! Stand still, you rascal. . . .", became his internationally known trademark and was enough to cause many a victim to faint dead away when he heard it. One never knew in those days in what fresh guise the Captain would appear. Sometimes he was a priest, sometimes a pedlar. He arranged his stick-ups in various costumes with the appropriate attitudes, gestures and speech of a Quaker, an army officer, a beggar, a huntsman, a surgeon, a business man and so on. One's traveling companion on a stagecoach might, as likely as not, turn out to be Thunderbolt dressed as a banker; even the stage driver was not above suspicion, for the Captain played that part once, too, in the heart of London, when he lifted the purse, watch and rings

Sometimes he was a priest, sometimes a pedlar



Immediately sent out warning of Thunderbolt's suspected presence

of the Lord Chamberlain who was bound for Sussex on a visit.

Precisely how Thunderbolt did look, talk and act, his lieutenant, Michael Martin (Lightfoot), describes in his prison confession. Lightfoot was, like the Captain, a great believer in sharing the wealth and he had just turned twenty and was ripe for stratagems and spoils when he came upon Thunderbolt in a little inn near

Kilkenney, Ireland. Thunderbolt, with a companion, was seated at a nearby table in the tap-room when Lightfoot wandered in for a drink. Within a few moments Thunderbolt, dismissing the man with him, invited Martin to share a bottle of brandy. Martin pictures his chief-to-be as follows:

"An elegant, fine-proportioned man, possibly thirty years of age, about six feet and an inch in height, with an uncommon appearance of muscle and strength. He had black eyes with a wonderful expression: and his face was rather strongly marked than handsome. He was dressed like a clergyman and, during the evening, talked as if he was a priest of the Church of England. . . . In the course of our conversation I thought there was something rather mysterious in his manner although he appeared to me quite undisguised. But he asked me many questions about my family, myself and my manner of life which I thought it impossible for a stranger to be acquainted with. . . . Doherty was very earnest in all his inquiries and

was continually plying me with liquor. He asked me then if my name was not Martin—if I was the young man just returned from Dublin and who had been obliged to run away from there. 'You are a wild fellow,' said he, 'are you not?' I answered, 'Yes.' 'You are fond of spending money?' 'Yes, when I can get it.' 'You don't much care how you come by it?' 'No, if it doesn't cost me much trouble.' He said it was a shame that such



a smart young fellow as I was should be at any time destitute of money. He at length wormed himself into my confidence and I told him all the history of my past life. . . .

"He then found me completely in his power and revealed to me his real character and profession. He said he was a highwayman and that he was Captain Thunderbolt. I was astonished and alarmed at this information. I had for many years heard of the daring exploits of that man and his name had for a long time been a terror to that part of the country. He had been often advertised and but a few days before I had seen an advertisement offering a reward of five hundred pounds for his head. I then felt a little dread at being left alone with a man of whom I had heard so many outrageous crimes and was anxious to get out of the room. He took out two large pistols and laid them on the table after cocking one of them and said, 'Martin, you must stay with me, I cannot part from so clever a fellow as you are.' . . . He touched my quality exactly. . . . He offered me his purse saying that I was a lean pigeon and that would help to oil my wings. I objected to receiving the whole of it and took only six guineas.

"I remained until near midnight, hearing him recount his adventures, and he persuaded me to embark with him. At about twelve o'clock there was a great tumult in the yard of the inn; he opened the shutters to see what was the matter; he said it was a party of dragoons probably in pursuit of him; told me to keep quiet and meet him at a certain place which he designated about three-quarters of a mile off. He had scarcely made the arrangements when I heard among the confusion of voices in the lower room (for we were in the second story) the name of Captain Thunderbolt repeated by many of them. By this time he had made his escape out of the window."

That this was truly the notorious Thunderbolt, Martin then had no doubt. He went to join the Captain at

an appointed place, had a further talk with him and within a week decided to become his aide. But this was not done simply. Before Thunderbolt would accept the youth, he made him pass through an apprenticeship and initiation, characteristic of one with an eye for the dramatic. Thunderbolt first gave Martin a long sermon on the philosophy of robbery. "He would get as much as he could from the rich (reports Martin) but would never molest the poor . . . would never take life if he could avoid it. If there was any danger of detection, or any strong opposition, he thought himself justified in taking life. . . . He said although he had been the terror of Ireland and Scotland and traversed England in pursuit of money he had never maimed anyone; and with two or three exceptions only, had never drawn a drop of blood." Next, Thunderbolt threw a glass of brandy in Martin's face, giving him the title of "Lightfoot." After that the Captain presented his assistant with a double-barrel, brass pistol loaded with slugs and told him that while he—Lightfoot—observed the Captain's instructions, he would never be taken or die. Lightfoot agreed willingly to all this for as he says, ". . . my whole soul was with this man and I thought he would stand a pretty good tug with old Satan himself."

Continuing the initiation and instruction, Thunderbolt the next morning left the inn where they had been staying and started off at an early hour—the Captain on a smart bay horse, Lightfoot walking. Shortly Thunderbolt dismounted from his nag which he called "Beefsteaks" and had Lightfoot ride a few miles to a spot which Doherty had found out was to be a meeting place for a great hunt. His object was to get Lightfoot a mount of his own and he knew that since the gentry seldom went armed to these hunts, the securing of a horse would be quite easy. Having given Lightfoot proper priming, Thunderbolt went out to hide near the



Picked up quite a bit of change from passengers too sick to complain

roadside where some four well-heeled looking men presently came jogging along on elegant appearing horses. "I shall try your pluck," he muttered to Lightfoot as he left. "You must go boldly up to the outside one, present your pistol and demand his money." Lightfoot demurred faintly on the ground that there were four of the men and therefore a scarce equality in the situation. Thunderbolt snapped, "You must not be afraid if there was a hundred—none of them are armed and half of them are cowards—I know (Continued on page 38)



RESPONSIBILITY AND DUTY

IT is our desire to impress the importance of the office of District Deputy not only on those holding this office, but also on the officers of subordinate Lodges and the membership at large. However, this would seem to be unnecessary when it is considered that the District Deputy is the representative in his district of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Notwithstanding this fact, the full significance and importance of the office is too frequently overlooked.

The Grand Lodge Statutes make it the duty of the Deputy officially to visit every Lodge in his district at least once before February 1st, following his appointment. Early visitations are necessary to a proper discharge of a Deputy's duties. The Statute merely fixes a time limit by which his first official visit is to be made, but it should be made at a much earlier date.

Many Deputies who take their duties seriously, and conscientiously discharge them, visit their Lodges more than once, and this is highly desirable. In some instances several such visits are necessary, some being made with advance notice and others without notice. Where the condition of a subordinate Lodge warrants, the Grand Exalted Ruler may order a Deputy to make additional visits, submitting a full report as to each. The purpose is obvious, as only in this way can the Grand Exalted Ruler be fully advised, and in position to take appropriate action either disciplinary or by extending a helping hand, as the facts

and recommendations submitted by the Deputy may seem to warrant or demand.

GRIM-VISAGED WAR

THE gentlemen may cry, peace, peace; but there is no peace. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms."

The Honorable Secretary of State may cry, peace, peace; but there is no peace. The next gale that sweeps from the Far East may bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Truly, "Mischief, thou art afoot."

The war cloud which spreads like a pall over the hapless land of China and the adjacent seas is becoming ever blacker, and more threatening to the peace of the world.

While we all stand in awe and amazement at the havoc which is being wrought and are keenly sympathetic with those, both combatants and non-combatants, now being subjected to the devastations of war, our greatest interest naturally is as to whether we are to become involved. That this is a latent and ever-present possibility must not be discounted.

That we abhor war and will make every effort to avoid becoming involved makes not the slightest difference. We cannot sit with folded hands while indignities and insults are heaped upon us, our rights as a nation ignored and our flag shot down in wanton disregard. Reckless and unrestrained military leadership may result in a situation involving our national honor to such a degree as to demand action for its protection.

As this is being written comes word that the British Ambassador has been shot down, seriously, perhaps fatally, wounded by Japanese soldiers. It occurred when the Ambassador was on a peaceful mission journeying through what, diplomatically speaking, is a country at peace with the world. The ridiculous fiction is still being indulged that China and Japan are not at war because, forsooth, war has not been declared.

EDITORIAL



What course Great Britain may adopt, and what course the United States may ultimately be called upon to adopt if the Japanese and Chinese purposely or with reckless indifference shell our ships, missions and other buildings in China flying the American flag, remains for the future to disclose.

Contemplation of what lies within the range of possible developments must cause us to realize that we are near the edge of vortiginous world currents.

AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS

THE loss of life in automobile accidents is appalling to say nothing of the thousands who escape with their lives only to languish in hospitals, many subsequently to die from some disease probably the indirect if not the direct result of injuries thus received, and still others who are condemned to go through life as cripples or mental defectives. Of less, but still of great concern, is the cost in dollars and cents not only in destruction of property but in doctor and hospital bills to which must be added the cost of caring for those who become either private or public charges.

Much has been written and much has been said regarding this loss of life and destruction of property but the records do not indicate an amelioration of this shocking situation.

There are many contributing causes, but unquestionably, careless and reckless driving is responsible for most traffic accidents. In recognition of this fact stringent laws with severe penalties have been enacted in an effort to stop or at least curb the thoughtless and reckless driver. The deterrent effect of such laws is not apparent by scanning the casualty lists which appear daily in the public prints all over the country.

The enactment of laws and their rigid enforcement would seem, however, to be the most effective weapon of defense available to the public. It cannot be denied that legislation as to other matters has had the effect of causing many to regard seriously, rather than lightly, the rights of others and in

time this may prove to be true in the use of streets and highways by those who operate motor-driven vehicles.

We set down two or three things which it is believed would be helpful in solving this very serious problem.

All trucks so constructed both in height and width as practically to monopolize the roadway making it impossible to see or get around them might be banished from the highways, or it might be well to construct separate roadways for them. Of course, this would cost a lot of money but it would save a lot of lives and a lot of suffering.

Speed maniacs ought to be put where they belong—in maniac asylums. When the capacity of such asylums is overtaxed, as it probably soon would be, it might be a good idea and even more effective to pillory them on the public square for such period of time as may be necessary in each case to insure recovery from the present epidemic of speeditis.

Then there is the fellow who loafs along in the center of the road and refuses to give passing space to the driver approaching from behind who is honking for dear life, and also the fellow behind who, becoming desperate, proceeds to pass the road hog notwithstanding the fact that he is unable to see the road ahead. It is rather harsh to call a fellow a road hog but it is difficult to choose a term more nearly descriptive. If these two drivers survive the resultant accident, they should have their heads bumped together until they see stars of the first magnitude.

Some traffic accidents are classed, and rightly so, as unavoidable, but they are few and far between. Most of them could be and would be avoided merely by a proper regard for the rights of others.

Uniform traffic regulations would be of great assistance and reduce the number of accidents. However, accidents due to the lack of such uniformity are generally of a minor nature. Efforts have been and are being made to standardize rules of the road and general traffic regulations. Though not entirely successful as yet, it is not too much to hope that eventually this desideratum will be attained and when it is the motoring public will have cause for rejoicing.

ANNOUNCING STUDEBAKER'S THE NEW 1938

*Lowest priced Commander... lowest
and a new Six... the greatest dollar*

STUDEBAKER, world's oldest vehicle manufacturer, dramatizes its eighty-sixth consecutive year with three great new 1938 automobiles... three glamorous new luxury cars that emphasize low price!

Studebaker has spent millions to give you three 1938 Studebakers that are completely new in every vigorous, flowing line... original creations of the world's foremost designers and finest craftsmen... strikingly different in appearance and appeal... and brilliantly representative of the operating economy for which Studebaker is famed.

In these new low-priced luxury cars, Studebaker, for the first time in the history of automobiles, introduces solid, symmetrical, balanced design that is as functional and devoid of meaningless ornamentation as the rhythmical clean-cut architecture of the modern skyscraper.

*New Miracle Ride plus many
brilliant innovations!*

You have more wonderful new things to see and to try in these great new Studebakers of 1938 than you have ever found in any new automobiles.

All models combine Independent Planar Wheel Suspension with finest Hydraulic Shock Absorbers to give you the unforgettably comfortable Studebaker Miracle ride. All models have Exceptionally Wide New Interiors, New Oversize Luggage Compartments, New Non-slam Safety Door Latches, New Flat Transmission Gears, New Acceleration and Hill-climbing Performance and the Improved 1938 Fram Oil Cleaner. The Automatic Hill Holder is standard on the Commander and President. The New Studebaker Miracle Shift and Gas-Saving Automatic Overdrive are available on the Commander and President at slight extra cost.



*Cars that bring luxury down
to earth in price!*

Only by seeing and driving these three great new luxury cars of 1938 can you do justice to them or to yourself.

In the face of rising prices, Studebaker has invested millions of dollars in dies, tools and new equipment and succeeded in making these great new 1938 cars the greatest dollar values that have ever glorified the Studebaker name.

There's so much to discover, so much to admire, you'll want to spend a lot of time getting acquainted with everything they offer for so little. Purchasable on Studebaker's C. I. T. budget plan. Studebaker Corporation, South Bend, Ind.

NEW MIRACLE RIDE ★ NEW FLAT TRANSMISSION GEARS ★ NON-SLAM SAFETY DOOR LATCHES ★ EXTRA ROOMY LUXURY INTERIORS
★ OVERSIZE LUGGAGE COMPARTMENTS ★ SAFETY GLASS ALL AROUND ★ IMPROVED FRAM OIL CLEANER ★ NEW SUPER-STRONG FRAMES

CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT!

STUDEBAKERS

*priced President... in Studebaker history
values Studebaker has ever offered*

YOU PAY
SO LITTLE
FOR
SO MUCH
MORE



BRILLIANT NEW ACCELERATION AND HILL-CLIMBING PERFORMANCE ★ AUTOMATIC HILL HOLDER STANDARD ON COMMANDER AND PRESIDENT
★ NEW MIRACLE SHIFT AND GAS-SAVING AUTOMATIC OVERDRIVE AVAILABLE ON COMMANDER AND PRESIDENT AT SLIGHT EXTRA COST

UNDER THE ANTLERS

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

N. J. Elks Crippled Children's Committee Makes Impressive Report

Another splendid annual report was presented this year to the officers and members of the New Jersey State Elks Association by the State Crippled Children's Committee of which Past State President Joseph G. Buch of Trenton Lodge is Chairman. Crippled and afflicted children have been benefited in all the various branches of the work carried on by the subordinate Lodges of the four Districts, by the State Association and by individual members. The Betty Bacharach Home for Afflicted Children, at Longport near Atlantic City, and the Babbitt Hospital at Vineland, are institutions sponsored by the New Jersey Elks. The Babbitt Hospital, opened last December, is an experimental unit for the cerebral birth palsy, or birth injured child.

The Betty Bacharach Home has been rendered even more efficient by the addition of the new physiotherapy pool which was dedicated last Mother's Day, May 9. An item about the event was published in the July issue of *The Elks Magazine*. Through the cooperation of the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation, the services of Miss Mabel Holton, head physical-therapist, have been secured for the Home. The pool was originally scheduled to cost in the neighborhood of \$35,000, but due to numerous changes it was erected at an approximate cost of \$75,000 exclusive of the land and equipment. The equipment was supplied by Past State Pres. William H. Kelly, East Orange Lodge, at a cost of \$5,000. The amount pledged by the New Jersey Lodges was over-subscribed.

Over a period of ten years the Elks of New Jersey have expended for crippled children work \$1,384,304.29. An idea of its extent can be obtained from a perusal of some of the expenditures. The cost of braces and brace



repairs, crutches, artificial eyes, arches, casts, artificial limbs and repairs of artificial limbs, strappings, wheel chairs, shoes and shoe repairs, dental work, eye glasses, food, clothing, medicine, metatarsal plates and other appliances, during the past year alone, amounted to \$17,628.69. Treatments, hospitalization and general crippled children's work cost \$19,331.45. Salaries paid to welfare workers, nurses, etc., amounted to \$30,743.38. The subordinate Lodges expended \$105,183.86, while the State Association itself contributed \$1,435.45. The best has been none too good for those boys and girls, handicapped by physical defects, in whose behalf the Elks of New Jersey have given of their time and money, receiving the only reward for which they labored—daily evidences of improvement and, in hundreds of cases, complete and permanent cures.

Fine Addition to Home of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge Nears Completion

Construction of the three-story addition to the Home of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, No. 174, is in an advanced stage with visible indications of completion in early November. The structure will house four new bowling alleys, with space for spectators, on the first floor, two modern handball courts with spectators' gallery on the second, and a private dining room, new kitchen and buffet, bar and new reading room and library on the third floor. The present dining room will be remodeled and redecorated and a new committee and radio room added. The improvement of its quarters on such a large scale is material evidence of the satisfactory condition that has been achieved by Tacoma Lodge through the efforts of an active membership and a good set of officers.

P.E.R. R. C. Slater, Hammond, Ind., Lodge, Dies in Calumet City

P.E.R. Richard C. Slater of Ham-

Boys at St. Vincent's Orphanage display toys they have made under the direction of Columbus, O., Lodge, which provided the tools and materials. At the close of an 8-week period of manual training, the Elks awarded prizes for the best toys made during the summer

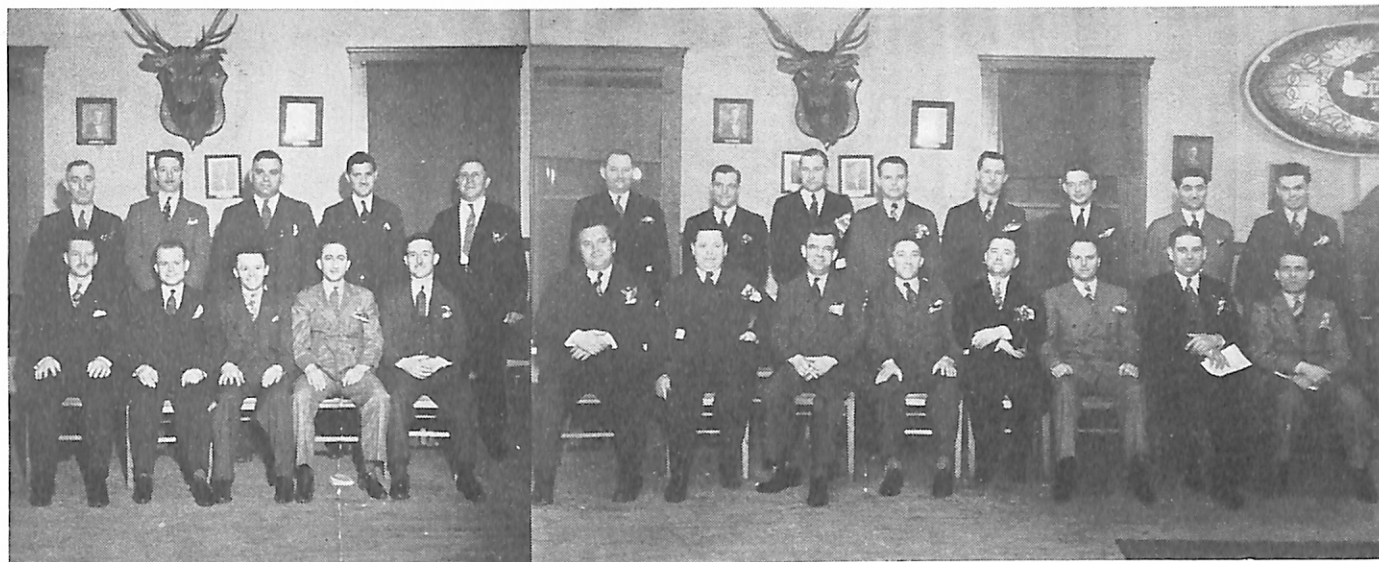
mond, Ind., Lodge, No. 485, succumbed to a heart attack on August 3 at his home in Calumet City, Ill. Mr. Slater was one of the best known and most popular Elks in the Chicago district. He was 61 years old. In 1914 he joined Hammond Lodge on dimit and the next year was elected Esteemed Lecturing Knight, becoming Exalted Ruler in 1919. In 1920 he was elected to finish the unexpired term of Secy. J. D. Smalley. He continued to act as Secretary until 1926.

Mr. Slater was presented with an honorary Life Membership last year as a mark of honor for the distinguished service he had rendered Hammond Lodge since the time of his affiliation.

Electric Fans are Donated to Hospital by Harrisonburg, Va., Lodge

Upon learning that the Rockingham Memorial Hospital in Harrisonburg, Va., was in need of additional electric fans, P.E.R. Morris Spiro, Chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Harrisonburg Lodge No. 450, brought the matter to the attention of the Lodge which promptly donated 18 new fans to the institution. The hospital's thanks were conveyed by Superintendent S. G. Aldhizer to E.R. P. F. Sowers, P.E.R. E. J. Lonergan and Mr. Spiro in a letter and in an article which appeared in a local newspaper. The fans afforded great relief during the heated term, especially to the large number of charity patients.

The annual outing, sponsored by the Lodge for underprivileged children of Harrisonburg and Rockingham County was held in August at



Above: The "Thomas C. Mee Class" recently initiated into Woonsocket, R. I., Lodge in honor of the then District Deputy

Ed's Park. Everything, including amusements, refreshments and transportation, was absolutely free. The outing was a huge undertaking and was enjoyed by almost 400 boys and girls.

New Philadelphia, O., Lodge Benefited by Will of Non-Elk

A tribute to New Philadelphia, O., Lodge, No. 510, for the charity work which it carries on every Christmas was made by George J. Edwards, a local citizen, when he drew up his will as far back as 1924. Mr. Edwards passed away on July 14, 1937. When the will was read it was found that he had named the Christmas Charity Fund of the Lodge as sole beneficiary.

The will directed that his property,

The "Sam W. Parham Class" initiated not long ago into Columbia, S. C., Lodge, to honor the Exalted Ruler, Mr. Parham

consisting of several residences valued between twelve and fifteen thousand dollars, be converted into cash and the money deposited in the Citizens National Bank. The Bank was named as executor and trustee, and directed to pay the interest and \$50 of the principal to the Christmas Charity Fund on December 1 of each year. The gift came as a complete surprise. Mr. Edwards was not a member of the Order.

Past Exalted Rulers' Association of Alabama Elects New Officers

At its annual meeting on September 1, the Past Exalted Rulers' Association of Alabama elected the following officers for 1937-38: Pres., Ben Mendelsohn, Birmingham; 1st Vice-Pres., Frank A. O'Hear, Ensley; 2nd Vice-Pres., Clyde W. Anderson, Florence; 3rd Vice-Pres., Fournier J. Gale, Mobile; 4th Vice-Pres., James B. Smiley, Birmingham; Secy., Harry W. English, Birmingham; Treas., John W. O'Neill, Birmingham; Chaplain, Jim Sullivan, Bessemer; Trustee, Albert Boutwell, Birmingham; Organist, Prof. Fred L. Grambs, Birmingham.

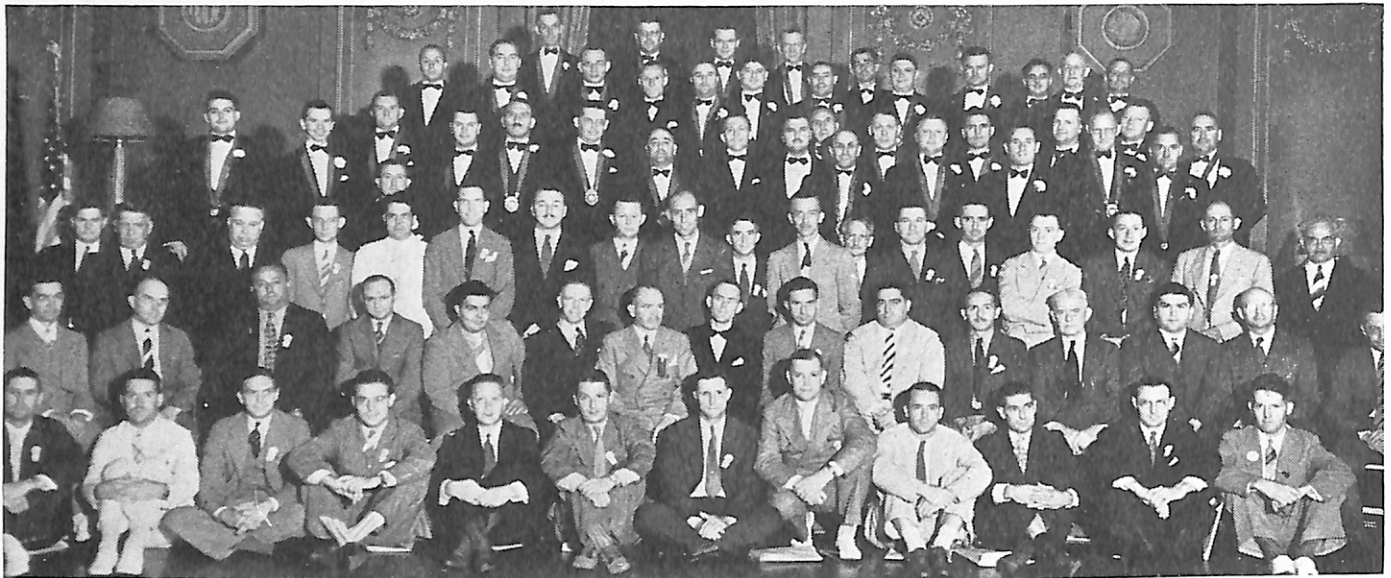
Crippled Children Aid by N. Dak. Elks Praised by Joseph Buch

The highest praise for the achievements of North Dakota Elks in the aid of crippled children was voiced by P.E.R. Joseph G. Buch of Trenton, N. J., Lodge, No. 105, upon his return from the Grand Lodge Convention. Mr. Buch was instrumental in launching the activity in North Dakota ten years ago.

P.E.R. Sam Stern, who has for a number of years served the North Dakota State Elks Association as Vice-President, and Judge P. M. Paulsen, E.R. of Fargo, N. D., Lodge, No. 260, were accompanied to Fargo by Mr. Buch. A conference was held at the home of former Governor L. B. Hanna, Pres. of the State Association which is the sponsor of the crippled children work. Among others present at the meeting were Past State President C. P. Brown, W. H. Stern, Frank V. Archibald, Secretary of Fargo Lodge, and Past State President Arthur Scheffler of Hoboken Lodge, a member of the N. J. State Elks Crippled Children's Committee of which Mr. Buch is Chairman.

(Continued on page 53)





*Record Class at Columbia, S. C.,
Lodge Honors Exalted Ruler*

The largest class that has ever been initiated at one meeting in South Carolina was that known as the "Sam W. Parham Class" numbering 209 new and reinstated members. The Class was named for the Exalted Ruler of Columbia, S. C., Lodge, No. 1190, and the ceremonies of initiation were performed on July 9, at the Columbia Lodge Home. The selected membership campaign, which lasted 30 days, was in the hands of Alva M. Lumpkin, one of the Lodge's most zealous workers.

*One of the three groups of boys
sent by Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge
to its Summer camp for a two-
weeks vacation*

*Leominster, Mass., Elks Map Full
Program at End of Active Summer*

Leominster, Mass., Lodge, No. 1237, wound up its Summer season with its annual outing and picnic. The affair was a social and financial success attended by more than 200 Elks with their families and friends. The Entertainment Committee also sent a party of 150 boys to Boston in August for one of the big league baseball games.

The annual series of indoor tournaments with other Lodges of northern Worcester County occupies a prominent place on a full program of Fall and Winter events planned for the entertainment of local members as well as visiting Elks. Attendance at regular meetings has already increased in a marked degree.

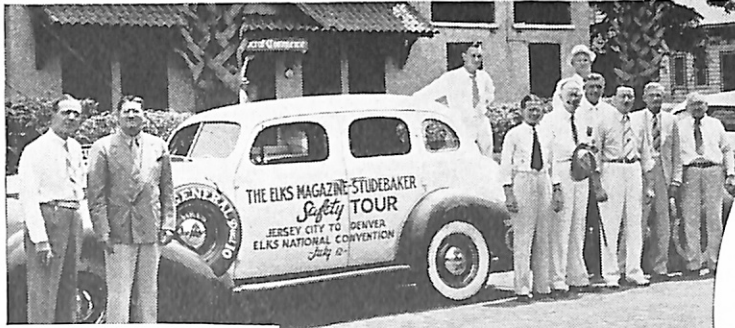
*The Convention class which was
initiated into Lancaster, Pa., Lodge
during the State Convention, with
the Mahanoy City Degree Team
and Lancaster Lodge's officers*

*Atlanta, Ga., Elks Have August
Birthday Party, First of Series*

For the past six years, Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, has sent out a birthday greeting to each member upon the date of his birth. This personal touch has met with so much appreciation that the Lodge has adopted the custom of giving a birthday party on the last Tuesday of each month for all the members whose birthdays occur in that month.

The first party was held in August. A dinner was held at 7:30 P.M. with an entertainment program.





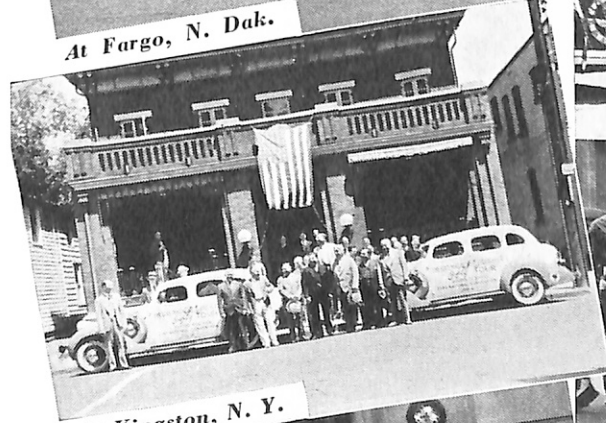
At De Land, Fla.



At Tulsa, Okla.



At Fargo, N. Dak.



At Kingston, N. Y.



At Akron, Ohio.

The Elks Safety Fleet Tours the Country



At Loveland, Colo.



At Bellefonte, Pa.



At Oakland, Calif.



At Goldsboro, N. C.



Above: The Grand Exalted Ruler, photographed with District Deputies and distinguished guests, at Boston, Mass.

Right: Some of those who participated at the dinner given for Mr. Hart at New Haven, Conn., when he visited there



Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, paid his first official visit to Connecticut on August 11 when a dinner was given in his honor by New Haven Lodge No. 25 at the Lodge Home. At the head table with Mr. Hart were Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, Springfield, Mass., Lodge; D.D.'s George W. Hickey, Willimantic, and John E. Lynch, Winsted; E.R. George J. Grady, New Haven, and Captain H. Carter, Hartford, Conn., Lodge. Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the 25 Lodges in the State as well as officers of the Connecticut State Elks Association, were among the 100 guests present. A general meeting and closed business session of the executives were held after the dinner. The Grand Exalted Ruler, introduced by Mr. Grady, delivered an official message of fraternal importance. The plan of action for the Connecticut Lodges was outlined for the coming year. The other speakers included those prominent Elks who had occupied places at the Grand Exalted Ruler's table.

Grand Exalted Ruler Hart and his official party arrived in Lancaster on Sunday, August 22, to participate in the Convention of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association. They were met at the railroad station at 12:35 P.M. by a committee from Lancaster Lodge No. 134 headed by Henry C. Carpenter, Chairman of the Reception Committee, E.R. Jacques H. Geisenberger, P.D.D. K. L. Shirk and P.E.R. Harry M. Forrest. Led by a city police escort, the party motored to the Hotel Brunswick where the local committee entertained the distinguished visitors at luncheon. Accompanying Mr. Hart were Past

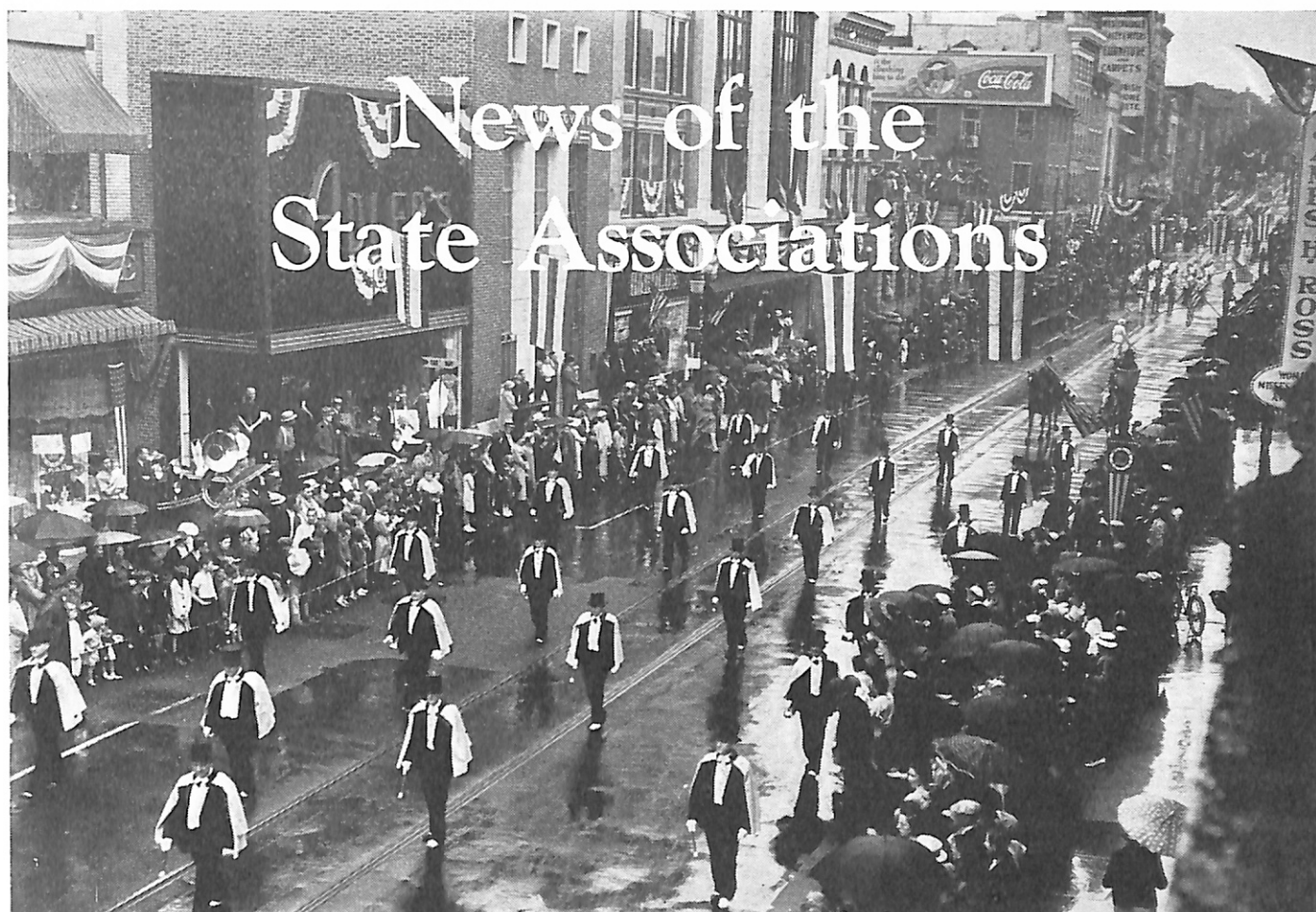
Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener and Grand Secretary Masters, both of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, and Charles H. Grakelow, Philadelphia; and P.D.D. Richard F. Flood, Bayonne, N. J., Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Mr. Hart had called a meeting of District Deputies, and during the afternoon he discussed Lodge problems with them and outlined a program relative to the affairs of the Grand Lodge. The Districts of Pennsylvania were represented by their District Deputies as follows: S.E., G. Russell Bender, Pottstown; N.W., Wilbur P. Baird, Greenville; Cent., Edward J. Linney, New Kensington; S. Cent., T. Z. Minehart, Chambersburg; N. Cent., Charles D. Keefer, Sunbury; N.E., J. P. Fitz-

patrick, Pittston; S.W., Frank S. Rode, Jeannette. Charles C. Robison, Morgantown, D.D. for West Virginia, North, was also present. The Grand Exalted Ruler was busily engaged during the full time of his stay in Lancaster and made a number of addresses at various business meetings and social functions. The Past Presidents' Dinner at the Brunswick on Sunday evening was a sumptuous affair. It was in charge of Past Pres. F. J. Schrader, Allegheny, Pa., Lodge, who is Assistant to Grand Secretary Masters.

Also attending, besides Mr. Hart, were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Tener, Masters and Grakelow, and the following Past Presidents: Max L. Lindheimer, Williamsport Lodge, (Continued on page 50)

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits



W. G. Kniffin

MICHIGAN

The Michigan State Elks Association held its 32nd Annual Convention in Traverse City on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 4-5-6, with the largest registration of delegates and ladies in recent years. Thirty-four Lodges of the State were represented and a number of visiting Elks vacationing at "Cherryland" took advantage of the opportunity to get acquainted with their Michigan Brothers.

Past Grand Exalted Rulers Floyd E. Thompson and J. Edgar Masters of Chicago, Past Grand Trustee John K. Burch, Grand Rapids, and Joseph B. Kyle, Gary, Ind., Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, arrived on Friday evening and attended the business sessions and the banquet on Saturday evening at which Judge Thompson was the principal speaker. The delegates were informed by Mr. Masters, Grand Secretary, that the State of Michigan stood second among the Lodges of the Order in net membership gain for the past fiscal year. Detroit Lodge No. 34 carried away State honors in membership gain with an increase of 418. Muskegon Lodge No. 274 gained 366 and Lansing Lodge No. 196 an even hundred. The splendid team of Lansing Lodge again won first prize in the Ritualistic Contest and was presented with the new cup, emblematic of the championship, provided by the host con-

A unit of the delegation from Reading, Pa., Lodge, marching at the Pa. State Elks Convention in Lancaster, Pa., recently. Reading Lodge's marching group has taken first prize in the annual parade three times in succession

vention committee. Ritualistic Services were conducted by the Team of Muskegon Lodge. Arthur E. Green, of Kalamazoo Lodge, was presented with an honorary Life Membership in the Association in recognition of his long service as State Secretary. Mr. Green resigned recently.

The installation of the newly elected officers, presided over by Past Pres. Joseph Schnitzler, Mount Pleasant Lodge, took place at the Sunday afternoon session. They are as follows: Pres., Thomas P. Gillotte, Pontiac; Vice-Pres.-at-Large, John S. Wilson, Jr., Lansing; Secy., Joseph M. Leonard, Saginaw; Treas., James G. Shirlaw, Battle Creek; Sergeant-at-Arms, Matthew J. Engstler, Detroit; Tiler, Bohn Grim, Sturgis; Chaplain, Benjamin F. Girdler, Grand Rapids; Trustees: John Olsen, Muskegon; Louis A. Worch, Jackson; Herbert A. Kurrasch, Alpena, and Norman D. Starrett, Hancock. Alpena Lodge No. 505 will entertain the Association next June at its 1938 meeting.

The Convention Committee provided many entertainment features, among which were drives through the blossoming cherry orchards, skeet

shoots, golf, shuffle board contests, and a deep sea fishing contest won by the Detroit delegation with a 16-pound Mackinaw trout. The fish was baked and served by the management of the Park Place Hotel at an informal dinner for visiting Grand Lodge dignitaries.

CONNECTICUT

The Eighth Annual Convention of the Connecticut State Elks Association, held in Waterbury on June 26, was attended by 224 members of the Order. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert and Grand Trustee William T. Phillips of New York Lodge No. 1 were guests of the Association. Officers for the coming year were elected as follows: Pres., William S. Murray, Norwich; 1st Vice-Pres., Robert P. Cunningham, Danbury; 2nd Vice-Pres., William M. Scully, Meriden; Secy., (reelected for 5th consecutive term) Archie J. McCullough, Derby; Treas., (reelected for 7th consecutive term) John F. McDonough, Bridgeport; Trustees: Chairman, Andrew F. McCarthy, New London; Edward J. Creamer, New Haven; Howard G. Mitchell, New Britain; Renard L. Palatine, Waterbury, and C. Irving Byington, Norwalk. New Britain Lodge No. 957 will entertain the Association next year.

The officers of Danbury Lodge No. 120 were presented with the State
(Continued on page 50)



Grand Lodge Officers and Committees 1937-1938

GRAND EXALTED RULER

CHARLES SPENCER HART, (Mount Vernon, N. Y., No. 842) Chanin Building, 380 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

GRAND ESTEEMED LEADING KNIGHT

JOHN K. BURCH, Grand Rapids, Mich., No. 48, 219 Division Avenue South

GRAND ESTEEMED LOYAL KNIGHT

MILTON L. ANFENGER, Denver, Colo., No. 17, 322 Symas Building

GRAND ESTEEMED LECTURING KNIGHT

M. H. STARKWEATHER, Tucson, Ariz., No. 385, 40 West Congress Street

GRAND SECRETARY

J. EDGAR MASTERS, (Charleroi, Pa., No. 494) Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, 2750 Lake View Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

GRAND TREASURER

DR. EDWARD J. MCCORMICK, Toledo, Ohio, No. 53, The Ohio Building

GRAND TILER

ARNOLD WESTERMANN, Louisville, Ky., No. 8, 705 M. E. Taylor Building

GRAND INNER GUARD

GEORGE W. MUNFORD, Durham, N. C., No. 568, P. O. Box 61

GRAND CHAPLAIN

REV. J. B. DOBBINS, Temple, Texas, No. 138

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The Men Behind the Game

(Continued from page 9)

At the time of the important game with Navy at Baltimore a few seasons ago, Rockne was confined to a hospital bed with thrombosis. The players naturally were lost without him. It was generally believed that a team, so entirely dependent on its coach, might go to pieces without him on the sidelines.

Athletic authorities at Notre Dame finally arranged to have Rockne address the team by way of radio, just before the game. At the appointed hour, the players gathered around the radio to await with avidity the final instructions of their coach. Having been on the road, the players had not seen Rockne for more than a week. They didn't know what to expect.

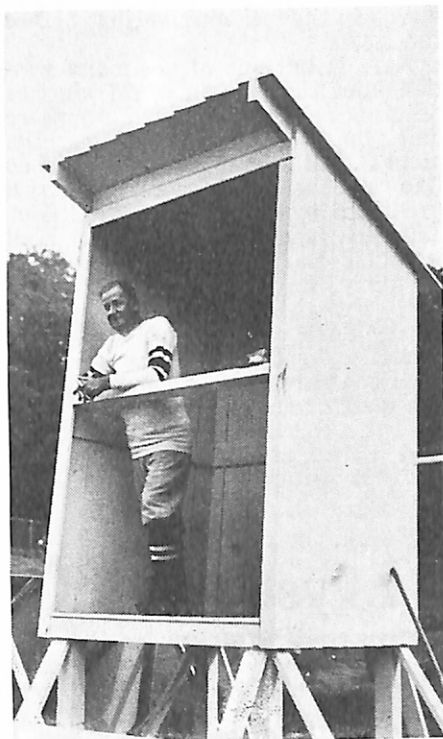
A less wise man might have resorted to soppy sentimentality in the hope of getting the team into a fighting mood. Not Rockne. Clear as a bell, compelling as martial command, direct as an arrow, his voice poured forth over the air.

"You birds have got a tough one on your hands today. You know that as well as I do. Navy's been underrated. They haven't clicked yet. They're about due. You'll know they've struck their stride once they start backing you up against your goal line.

"We can't afford to lose this one. It's important. We've got to take it. We're going to take it. Forget those newspaper clippings saying what a great team you are. Clippings never won a ball game. The only thing that will win today is the thing that won last week and the week before, and that's the old *Go! Go! Go! Go!* That's what we've got to have. Remember that. Just the old *Go! Go! Go!* Get the jump! Follow the ball! Be alert! You're a good team. But no team's too good to be licked. Stay in the game every minute!"

There was a second's pause. One might have heard a pin drop. Only the heavy breathing of the players, roused to an emotional pitch by the magic presence of their coach, disturbed the absolute calm. Every eye was staring at the radio. Rockne was there. He was right in front of them. They were sure of that. There was his shiny bald head, his dented nose, his warmly human eyes, his animated countenance. The voice came forth again.

"Frank!" The player addressed fairly jumped out of his shoes. "You're playing back too far on punts. Move up! Don't forget to use your crossbucks to the weak side. Build up to our reverse pass for a scoring play! Keep the boys on the hop! . . . Pete! Make your charge lower! And come out of the



Andy Kerr, the veteran coach of Colgate

line faster on the off-tackle play, Harry! What did I tell you about our pass defense in our own territory? Don't commit yourself till you see that ball in the air!"

The players were astounded. That personal touch of Rockne's, talking to them as though he were with them, in the very room with them, did the trick. How could they help but play their heads off when Rock's eyes were on them from afar? They'd show Navy. They'd bring the bacon home to the Old Maestro. They'd win for Notre Dame. And they did.

Fielding Yost, although no longer officially active in the game, is still an imposing figure in football ranks. Fashioned like a Norse giant, he vibrates with boundless energy. Too old now to get in the line and "mix it" with the young bucks, Yost is still keenly interested in the gridiron scene, and he will be remembered as long as football is played.

Lunching with him in New York one day, I was amazed at the facility with which he recalled the names of men who played for him two and three decades ago, when the Michigan Wolverines were the scourge of the Conference, and the "point-a-minute" machine of his construction was making football history. He fairly shook with laughter when I complimented him on his memory. "Names," he shrieked, a gleam of uncontrolled mirth lighting up his deep-set eyes, "why I can tell you

where every man who ever played for me at Michigan lives. What's more, I can tell you what his business is and how he's doing."

Whereupon the huge ex-Ann Arbor mentor started to make good his word by calling off a dozen or more former players, telling me what companies they headed, where they taught, or in what corner of the earth they had finally been laid to rest.

Most of the hundreds of football players who imbibed of Yost's health-giving personality still correspond with him, even though the sound of the whistle and the scent of resin have long since passed from their memories. The image they carried away from football was not the victories won, the games lost, the great plays or the tragic errors, but rather the picture of Yost, of a man full grown, with the heart of a warrior, the mind of a teacher, the spirit of a friend.

Ask any football player what single individual made the most definite, lasting and constructive impression on him in his college years, and the chances are a hundred to one he'll say his football coach. It's not false loyalty, a puerile notion, a boyish stereotype. The fact is that in the vast majority of investigations of higher education, a definite effort is made to secure as football coach a man who will measure up to the highest standards. He must, as it were, embody the pedagogical qualifications of the professor, the understanding of the physician and the sternness of the militarist. He must be one who will get results without distorting values, shattering ideals or dwarfing individuals. He must teach men to strive for victory without making victory a fetish.

All great coaches have not necessarily been successful in terms of victory. Tad Jones, former Yale coach, Bill Roper, former Princeton mentor, and Dr. Mal Stevens, also formerly of Yale, now coaching N. Y. U., did not compile impressive records. And yet, the men who played for them will swear by them till their last day. This because all three of them, like many others, possessed commendable personal qualities, inspiring personalities, and a seriousness of purpose and a sense of loyalty which overshadowed their failure to produce winning teams. They taught football as it should be taught. While they may have lacked the subtle combination which produces triumphant elvens repeatedly, their charges got from the game because of their tutelage, the gratifying pleasures which may be had from it, in defeat as well as in victory.

The healthy status of the game today is due largely to the fine type

of men who are teaching it. Taken as a group, the football coaches of the country represent the highest type of man in the educational field today. They possess, with but few exceptions, the sympathetic understanding of the high minded professor and the strong moral fibre of a successful soldier. They place individual welfare before personal success, and reason before desire.

Recently at a student dinner at Colgate, Andy Kerr, the veteran coach, rose to speak. The reception that greeted him literally shook the rafters. Every man in the room was a better man because Andy Kerr was there at Colgate. They knew the way he taught football—cleanly, grimly, smartly. They knew he tolerated only fairness in all things. They knew he could take defeat like a gentleman and victory the same way. They knew he stood for Colgate and all Colgate stands for. Andy was their hero. He was their conception of what Colgate wanted them to be.

Andy has been known to deliver a

sermon from the pulpit in the chapel at Colgate. From the cross-barred field to the cross-starred church. The transformation seems unnatural, yet it doesn't take much imagination to see a host of students drinking in Andy's words from the pulpit in the same way his team drinks in his words in the locker room just before the game.

Kerr is but one of the many gentlemen of the pigskin world who are building men today. Turn anywhere and you find others like him. Dr. John B. Sutherland of Pittsburgh, as fine a character as ever drew a breath, a moulder of men, a leader and an inspirational force, Earl Blaik of Dartmouth, Gar Davidson of Army, Ray Morrison of Vanderbilt, Fritz Crisler of Princeton, Ducky Pond of Yale, Ossie Solem of Syracuse—not one among them or their confreres with whom you would not gladly trust your own son.

That a coach's influence is lasting, that it lives after he is gone, is seen in that group of stalwarts who

earned their spurs under the tutelage of perhaps the greatest teacher of them all, Rockne. Today Elmer Layden is carrying on at Notre Dame, where Rockne left off. Harry Stuhldreher is directing the proceedings on Wisconsin's gridiron. Noble Kiser is head of Purdue's athletic department and coach of its team. Jim Crowley is at Fordham. Frank Thomas is at Alabama. And others are in far corners of the land continuing the Rockne tradition.

Every one of these men is cast in the same mould. They admired Rockne so much when he was living and so much still, that they all have common traits that remind you of the Old Maestro. They teach football vigorously, yet never lose sight of the fact that, after all, it is only a game. A game to be won or lost with all the cards on the table. Strong, wholesome, fearless, confident, like the leader from whom they learned, they continue to develop men in the same manner as their master did when they wore the war togs.

The Mysterious Case of Captain Thunderbolt

(Continued from page 25)

them all." The Captain, who had disguised himself as a pale faced, tremulous Quaker, then continued to a bend in the highway where he sat down as if to refresh himself from a long walk. The riders soon appeared around the corner and Lightfoot charged out to meet them. Upon his challenge, one of the four spurred up his horse and disappeared into the brush. The other three with little argument delivered their purses and jewelry and from one of them Lightfoot also took a coat and hat. This latter man, Lord P—, asked if he were Captain Thunderbolt. Martin replied, "No, I am his brother, Captain Lightfoot." After the victims had hurried off down the road, Thunderbolt arose from his seat on the bank and congratulated Lightfoot on his success, telling him that he had "taken the first brush like a true game chicken."

From this moment on Thunderbolt and Lightfoot were fast friends and partners, although the Captain never failed to make clear to his aide just who was boss. Thunderbolt's instinct for drama led him regularly to do certain curious things simply to impress Lightfoot with the solemnity of his profession. For instance, after the robbery recounted in the previous paragraph and when the pair had reached the seaport town of Dungarven, some forty miles away in the county of Cork, the Captain sent Lightfoot to a tavern to procure some liquor so that "the horse I had taken should be christened in

due form." This was shortly done not far from town. The Captain, going through a regular christening ceremony, named the horse "Down-the-Banks," while pouring brandy in its ears. Lightfoot then learned that Doherty usually carried four or five different disguises with him for after this christening the Captain changed his clothes to appear as Lightfoot's servant—Lightfoot being dressed just then as a gentleman-huntsman. The Captain was in a good humor, and smacked his lieutenant heartily on the shoulder saying, "Lightfoot, only put on fine clothes, have plenty of money in your pocket, swagger a good deal, but say nothing, and you may pass through the world as a great man."

So for the next two years Thunderbolt and Lightfoot were great men. They swaggered up and down the British Isles, plundering and looting almost as they chose. They stole and cached thousands of dollars worth of money and jewelry, some of which is still being brought to light today, in Ireland especially, by some householder casually grubbing in the soil of his backyard. The pair during this period gayly posed as nearly every important person in the country—save the King—and their reputations and the price upon their heads grew apace. They solemnly attended weddings and funerals and picked up a tidy penny. They loved and married—in their manner—whoever took their fancy, and would agree, and had the money. They even

at one time became bailiffs and were paid well to try to track themselves down. Now and then, however, they were able to escape their infuriated victims only by the narrowest margin, and on one of these occasions the Captain himself was winged by a musket shot. They had been fleeing a body of soldiery which had been set on their trail, and had holed up for the night in a small inn some two miles outside of the city of Cork. The next forenoon the company, twenty dragoons strong, arrived, having been secretly informed of the culprits' presence by the landlord. Thunderbolt and Lightfoot found out about this just in time and made a run for it over the fields behind the tavern.

"The soldiers pursued and fired upon us; one ball struck the Captain in the calf of the leg and impeded his running for some time. However, we managed to get out of reach of our pursuers and traveled over the country about ten miles, when he was so exhausted that it was impossible for him to go any further. We concealed ourselves in a wood; he fell down on the ground and, as I thought, was a dying man. He had sense enough, after a few minutes' rest, to tell me that there was a small bottle in his pocket which he directed me to give him. He smelt of it, swallowed a few drops from it and rubbed his head with it. He was soon revived and directed me to take the ball from his leg with my penknife. 'Cut as near the lead,' said he,

'as you can; I can afford to lose a little blood.' It was the first time that I had ever officiated as a surgeon, but I saw he was so resolute upon the subject that I cut it out without any fear. . . . Early the next morning we moved from the wood . . . he leaned upon my shoulder and hobbled along all the day. When it was near night, we had got near to a small village. He lay down in the bushes and directed me to go to an apothecary's shop for a certain medicine which he knew would be serviceable, for he seemed to have studied physics as well as everything else but religion, and that, I am sorry to say, he did not know much of, although when occasion demanded, he could talk a great deal about it."

From this adventure, the two moved to another—this time to rescue, for the sheer fun of the thing, a couple of Irishmen who, with a dozen other criminals, had just been sentenced either to execution or long term imprisonment at Botany Bay. They set the prisoners free and held up the judge who had sentenced them; they robbed the prosecutor, Sir William Cotesworth, and they rifled the home of another official by the name of Wilbrook to the tune of one hundred and sixty guineas before the Captain would pause. Even then, he decided that he and Lightfoot needed fresh horses and when they saw three huntsmen galloping through a nearby field Thunderbolt rode up alongside and, drawing his pistol, said, "Gentlemen we wish to exchange horses with you so the sooner you dismount the better it will be for your carcasses." Lightfoot, following the usual technique, demanded the trio's watches, but Thunderbolt would not hear of it. "No, brother," he said, "we have got enough for the present." Lightfoot was not taken in by this apparent generosity; he knew that it was prudence on the Captain's part to avoid any delay that might bring the rest of the hunting party within range.

Thunderbolt and Lightfoot continued their merry association and with a profit in gems, jewelry and cash which has been estimated to total well above a quarter of a million pounds in value until early in the year of 1819. Then it was that Thunderbolt refused, because of the tremendous hazard, to undertake the job of robbing a shipment by stage from the Bank of Ireland in Dublin. Lightfoot decided to try it alone and did eventually steal a trunk from the stagecoach which was carrying a large amount of gold to Kilkenney. Lightfoot found to his chagrin, how-

ever, that he had seized the wrong trunk and had only a large assortment of clothing for his pains. On his way back to Dublin, his trail was picked up and in throwing off his pursuers he spent so much time that he missed Thunderbolt at the appointed place. After wandering about for a number of weeks in search of his chief, Lightfoot found that Great Britain was growing far too warm for comfort; he was being recognized nearly everywhere, and for days spent most of his waking hours fleeing from detachments of soldiers or sheriffs. Thus on the 12th of April, 1819, not daring to stay longer without Thunderbolt's advice and protection, Lightfoot signed as a passenger on the brig, *Maria*, bound for New York.

News of his departure came mysteriously to Thunderbolt's ears the very next day while the Captain was rusticating in a quiet little inn some ten miles beyond Dublin. Thunderbolt hurried back to check up, found it was true, and realizing the reason Lightfoot had left, determined to go himself. But not to the United States. He decided to embark for the West Indies where, he had heard, money was becoming increasingly easy to get hold of. Within a few weeks he had settled up whatever affairs he was involved with in Great Britain and had taken passage on the merchantman, *Donelan*. On shipboard he struck up an acquaintance with the owner, one Captain Carstle, and from him received a num-

rived in Boston feeling blithe and hearty and ready for his next adventure.

From this point on, the life of John Doherty as Captain Thunderbolt is misted with much fancy and speculation. Stories contradict and the facts themselves appear paradoxical at times. One thing is clear, however. That is that Captain Thunderbolt's activities in America were few in comparison with those for which he was blamed, especially after Lightfoot's jail escape and confession at Cambridge. But the drama of them quite made up for their paucity. On the 27th day of November, 1821, Thunderbolt returned to Boston, after some wanderings in upper New England, to try to help Lightfoot, whose predicament he had learned of from the newspapers. Disguised as the Reverend Father McQuade of the Roman Catholic Church of Cambridge (Father McQuade really did exist and, except on this occasion, was with Lightfoot throughout his trial and imprisonment), Thunderbolt visited Lightfoot in his cell. There, after a long talk, he left him with a caseknife, a file, some brandy and an amount of money. He promised to wait for Lightfoot at a certain barn in Watertown, Massachusetts—only a few miles off—subsequently to help him to Canada whence Lightfoot had been bound when he was originally captured.

With the tools Thunderbolt had provided, Lightfoot did manage to saw through his bonds and on the morning of December 8, 1821, to break out of his cell and gain his freedom. But a gang of laborers returning from their breakfast, ran into him as he was fleeing through a cornfield behind the prison and, after a terrific battle, overcame him and dragged him back to jail. It is certain that from this point on Thunderbolt dared no longer to try to help him, and, after Lightfoot's confession with the obvious implications that no one

else but Thunderbolt could have helped just as he did in the jail delivery, the Captain quietly returned to Vermont, never again to leave that State. However, word of Thunderbolt's highway-manny at once began to spread across the countryside. He was reported simultaneously to have conducted robberies in Quebec and in New Haven, Connecticut. He theoretically held up a bank messenger in Atlanta, Georgia, on August 2, 1834, while working on a local loan shark in Athens, Vermont.

These conflicting tales are difficult to untangle, but it is known that it



Spent a great deal of time studying medical books.

ber of letters of introduction and credit under the name of John Wilton. He lived under this name for a short time on the islands, posing as a wealthy Scotch contractor. Then, apparently eager to learn more about the world, he booked passage on the brig, *Constant*, which was to touch Boston on its way to Halifax. During this voyage, which was excessively stormy and uncomfortable, the Captain managed to pick up quite a bit of change from passengers too seasick to complain. Thus he ar-

was about this time that Thunderbolt did do a piece of business near Newfane, Vermont. It happened like this. A small farmer, living some miles out of Newfane, the county seat, had just finished up his work at the barn one evening and was walking slowly toward his cottage when a tall, heavily-built man, his face obscured by a muffler, appeared out of the dusk and asked him for a drink of milk. The farmer brought him the drink, remarking at the same time that that was the last milk he or anybody else would ever receive from there. When the stranger asked why, the countryman replied that the man who held the mortgage on the farm was coming that night for the sum due; that since the money was not available, foreclosure would certainly follow. The farmer muttered about the general orneriness of the mortgage-holder, of his persistent refusal to extend the obligation, and so on. The stranger asked sharply what the amount was and, upon being told that it was \$165, demanded to know how much the farmer could pay. "I got jest \$60," said the man. "Very well," said the stranger, "you keep ten of it for yourself. Here is \$115. When the mortgage-holder comes, you give him this with \$50 of your own money. Have him sign a receipt, whatever you do. Everything will be all right. Good night." "Bu-bu-but," stuttered the startled farmer, "who be you that you'll trust me, and help me—?" The stranger called back over his shoulder as he walked swiftly away into the gloom, "Captain Thunderbolt helps everyone who is poor and oppressed by the rich."

AN hour or so later, the mortgage-holder appeared for his money and, to his great surprise, received it. When he asked the farmer how he had managed to raise it, the farmer answered evasively, "There's someone around now who looks after the poor and the oppressed." The mortgage-holder shrugged his shoulders and crawled back into his buggy. Whipping up his horse, he was soon rattling off down the road toward Newfane. He did not get far, however, when at a twist in the lane he came upon a shadowy figure on horseback blocking his way.

"What do you want?" he demanded nervously, pulling his nag up short.

"Stand still, you rascal," the mounted man growled, "or I'll blow your head off. Give me your purse."

"But I'm a poor man," whimpered the mortgage-holder.

"Give me your purse and be quick about it. I am Captain Thunderbolt!"

Thunderbolt! The little man in the buggy fumbled in his coat, found the soiled leather wallet with the farmer's mortgage money in it and tremblingly passed it to the highwayman.

Thunderbolt took it, wheeled about on his horse and waved his pistol in the direction of Newfane.

"Begone, now, you scoundrel," he muttered, "and let this teach you to be easier on honest men."

The victim chirruped to his horse and made off to Newfane with as great speed as possible. There he told his story to the sheriff who immediately organized a posse to make a search. But before the posse could be assembled, a terrific thunder-shower broke and the investigation had to be postponed until the next morning, by which time Thunderbolt was presumably, many miles away. Other incidents of a like order were reported from time to time, but they gradually became fewer, and the authorities grew increasingly convinced that some of the supposed victims were the prey of hallucinations and of newspaper publicity. Every story revealed a different description of the highwayman and in every case the man who claimed to have been robbed was known to be a skinflint or money-lender whom nobody liked. It was even felt by some citizens that if a robbery had been committed, it served the victim right.

THE years went by and the tales of the mysterious Thunderbolt began to pass into local legend. A small, one-story brick schoolhouse, perfectly circular in shape was built in Brookline, Vermont, and presently became known as Captain Thunderbolt's school because the money for it had been furnished by an anonymous donor who had also specified the shape. The reason for its circularity, gossip said, was so that if the Captain chose one day to drop in and teach a class or so, there would be no corners in which an enemy could secrete himself. Children still go to school in the Captain's schoolhouse in Brookline and they still enjoy repeating the legend of the day the Captain, muffled up to the eyes, strode in, waved the startled teacher to a rear seat, and, laying his two brass-bound pistols on the master's desk, sat down and for half an hour heard the horrified pupils' lessons.

Now the narrative suddenly shifts to its most astounding sequel. The reader will please note carefully the details of the following account, all of which is a matter of public record.

On March 16, 1847, after a brief illness, one of Brattleboro, Vermont's, best known citizens—Dr. John C. Wilson—died. He had been a resident of the town for a number of years, had married a Brattleboro girl and had built a house just out of the centre of the community on the banks of the Connecticut River. It appears that Dr. Wilson had come to Vermont from the West Indies about 1819 and had first settled in Dummerston, where for several years he taught in the district school.

In this profession he was singularly successful for all the fact that he apparently preferred medicine to teaching and spent a great deal of time studying medical books and visiting libraries in the nearby towns. He removed to Newfane, Vermont, about 1822, and in 1836, having built up a large and influential practice in medicine, he took up residence in Brattleboro. Dr. Wilson seems to have possessed considerable skill not only in medicine but in surgery and he was not infrequently called to other communities to consult with the doctors there. One of the Doctor's biographers says of him: "In his practice he came by many to be very much esteemed for his professional skill and unremitting devotion to his patients. And this devotion is said to have grown more intense in proportion—not so much to the prospect of a liberal reward—as to the amount of the fee previously advanced (or promised)." A rather peculiar incident occurred one day while the Doctor was visiting the bedside of a patient in Athens, Vermont. The patient had just been reading the recently published confession of Michael Martin, alias Lightfoot. When the Doctor's eye fell upon this, he seized it with a growl and flung it angrily into the fire. Just what reason he had for doing this no one ever learned. Certainly the Doctor never explained his action.

The Doctor was a commanding and incalculable person in Brattleboro. A man of florid complexion, he had dark eyes and hair, a strong face, barrel chest and stood just one inch above six feet. His deportment was that of an educated gentleman whose manners could only have achieved their polish by contact abroad with men of breeding. Whatever the circumstances of his background were, however, he never saw fit to discuss. He had certain eccentricities which everyone marked and they included his never appearing in public without a heavy muffler swathed carefully around his neck up to his chin. He never tried on his boots at the shoestore, but always took them home to fit them before making a purchase. Large as his practice was, it did not account for the amount of money he appeared to have, and medicine did not explain some of his strange interests. He put \$6,000 into the erection of a mill for sawing timber, with steam to be used as the motive power. The unsatisfactoriness of the machinery and the tremendous cost of its repair and operation finally caused him to give up the project and all his investment which (his biographer says) was "supposed to have been acquired by his professional industry" was lost. Romance entered the Doctor's life at about this period and he was presently wedded to the daughter of one of the finest citizens of Brattleboro. The marriage did not do well and in a short time the wife petitioned for divorce on the grounds of the Doc-

tor's tyrannical treatment of her. Among the details of the divorce there is a mention by her of her determination not to live with a man who "had been a robber or some such infamous character". The biographer goes on in a manner typical of the period to say: "Can we believe that his treatment of her was cruel because of the intimacy and confidence of connubial life had revealed to her knowledge facts and suspicions which it was one great object with him to conceal? . . . We say this divorce and its circumstances are mysterious. But once let it be settled that the husband of this amiable woman was the dreaded Thunderbolt of Lightfoot's confession, and his conduct to her in the eye of reason is no longer a mystery."

If this concealment of the real facts of Dr. Wilson's past was significant, it became doubly so in his last illness. "The indifference to temporal things and confidential surrender of the person in care of friends and nurses which commonly attend the last hours of the suffering, especially where there is a consciousness of immediate dissolution, were not witnessed in the case of Dr. Wilson. But on the other hand, his anxiety to prevent exposure of his body to the eye of his attendants seemed to grow more intense. He refused to be undressed throughout his sickness, and, even in the last struggles of his life, continued to wear the same apparel in which he was dressed at the commencement of his illness. Unnatural as it appears in the light of civilization, nevertheless, of his own will, he died with his clothes on. After his death there were taken off, among other things, his pantaloons, three pairs of drawers, and a large muffler from his neck. . . . The appearance of his body after his decease seemed to reveal to many the reasons for much of his conduct, before inexplicable, in the scars and

defects found on various parts of it. The scar upon the back of his neck . . . was some inches in length. Another, discovered upon the calf of his leg, was about the size of a cent, branching off in one direction nearly an inch. This had all the appearance of having been caused by a musket ball as described by Lightfoot in the case of Thunderbolt, which, he says, he extracted with his knife. This leg was a little shorter than the other and somewhat withered. And to avoid limping he had worn a cork heel which enabled him to hide the defect. . . . Bandages and wadded cotton were wound around the leg to give it the size of the other. . . .

"Among other things were found in his possession three old English double-barreled guns—three pairs of old English pistols, besides several odd ones—a number of swords, one of them a straight, sharp-pointed blade, quite rusty, the edge much hacked. . . . It had the appearance of having driven a brisk business sometime. . . . There were found some eight or ten old watches of antique pattern—some of gold, others of silver; also a very large clasp knife that might have answered a good purpose as a cleaver. We understand that some of these guns were not only charged at the time of his death, but that his custom was to keep them so, as a defense against the attacks of—what?—conscience? . . . A diamond necklace, which the Doctor exhibited to a friend of his some years since has not been discovered. . . . The circumstances attending this singular exhibition were as follows: The gentleman to whom it was made was one of the Doctor's most intimate friends whom he had invited to a convivial entertainment subsequent to the separation from his wife. After some conversation with reference to her he presented the necklace saying, 'Thank God! Here is a nest-egg she never discovered, worth seven thou-

sand dollars, which she would be proud to wear.' The question was how he came into possession of such a treasure. The Doctor replied that it was his mother's. His mother was the wife of an honest blacksmith!"

The biographer then plays his trump card: "We are now prepared to submit to the candid reader on the showing already made, not so much whether the public is entitled solemnly to pronounce Dr. John Wilson, late of Brattleboro, Vt., to be the John Doherty of the Confession, the Thunderbolt of Irish memory, as to whether there is not enough to justify the suspicion and the widespread excitement which has so clearly and loudly called for the grounds on which these suspicions rest. . . . The dead, we know, are alike insensible to the voice of praise or blame—to the injustice of false, or the more withering rebukes of veritable history. But as we have already hinted, every act done in public by any of its members, becomes an integral part of the property of the public; and society has the right, if it pleases, to a record—a stereotyped edition of it. . . . The feverish excitement, so widely pervading the public mind as to the identity of the late Dr. John Wilson . . . with the notorious Thunderbolt . . . is to us no matter of surprise. It is natural that the feeling of insecurity should cease with the removal of the causes which awakened it."

Thus, with typical caution, an anonymous Vermont writer, through the publishing house of J. B. Miner of Brattleboro, Vermont, in 1847, announces the point of view of most persons acquainted with the tale of Captain Thunderbolt who, born of obscure parents in Scotland, became the rogue of two continents, and died in a little cottage on the banks of the Connecticut, one of the great mystery men of America.

Mermaid in the Mountains

(Continued from page 13)

a bowie knife, and not later than yesterday morning at that.

He straightened up from his bow and Sudna became aware of his height. He could, as the saying went in the mountains, have eaten his dinner off the head of anyone in the room. She was used to tall men—broad, bulky, knotty fellows who could stoop under a horse and lift it off the ground. But Mr. Peyton was all legs and torso—long and narrow like a sapling. His shoulders sloped, and his waistline entirely disappeared at the hips. He looked like a man who could ride and dance, if nothing else. She was fascinated at the swift silence of his stride as he crossed the room in two steps. He laid a hand on the back of a chair, turning again

with a smile that made the black eyes sparkle.

"Do you sit here, Miss McCorken?"

Sudna felt a hot confusion in her throat. She saw her brothers staring suspiciously at the stranger. What kind of airs was he puttin' on? Anyone knew that wimmen folk don't have vittals with the men. Sudna started to speak without knowing what to say. She looked at her father. John McCorken's red face twitched painfully at the mouth. He had almost forgotten that this big daughter of his was Susan D'Arcy's child and a lady. Sudna saw that he was pleased and proud of Peyton's gesture. John McCorken half raised his hand as if to motion her toward the proffered chair. Then, as if coming

back to reality, he changed his mind. His hand fell, not without affection, on Peyton's shoulder.

"That's your chair," he said. "Sit down."

Sudna fed the men and, when they had left, she ate a little herself. She scraped the dishes into a bucket and set it outside where Randy could carry it to the hog pen. Though the day was only begun, she felt the drag of nervous fatigue. If she had seen Mr. Peyton's countenance at the ford, she knew she could never have faced him at breakfast. Even as it was, the penetrating shaft of his black eyes did queer things inside her. She pulled the props from under the table and carried them outside. The visitor and her father were strolling back

from the salt well. Perhaps he was a buyer after all. No doubt he would strike his bargain and depart without her seeing him again. Any other day she would have been glad the huskers were coming despite the extra work. It meant dancing and song that evening, but Sudna was not expecting to enjoy it now. From a pile of pine boards in the yard, she set up a long table, benches on sawed-off stumps along each side and end. Back in the kitchen she just had time to mix corn meal dough for the oven when a shout announced that the first wagon was crossing the ford. It was time to put on her red dress, with the Indian beadwork. John McCorken had bought it for her from a peddler in Clarksburg.

Of course, the thing would be too small. Store clothes never fitted her. She pinned cotton stockings to her underpants and drew on the one silk petticoat which remained from her mother's wardrobe. The lace fringe barely reached her knees—a useless luxury since it would be hidden from the sight of man. She was braiding her hair into tresses when the Casey girls burst in the door. Chariety was sixteen; her two sisters, each a year older, and all were red-headed with fresh pink cheeks and vivid blue eyes. Their mother had sent them all in spotless white dresses which the missionary priest sold them for their Confirmation.

"Oh," cried Chariety, "Sudna, will there be fiddlin'?" Faith says there won't, but ain't there?"

"Why, yes, Chariety. Pa got Old Sam to come up from Hidden Springs."

"Yah, Faith. I tole you so. I kin dance hoe-down reels as good as you kin."

"You kain't," retorted Faith. "Who's else a-comin', Sudna? The Neal gals?"

"And the Morgans too," said Sudna, putting on the red dress.

"Them's Baptists," chimed in Hope Casey. "They confess like we'uns—only out loud at revival meetin's. Yer shanks is showin', Sudna."

"I know. The skirt's too short."

"But it's pruttty. Ma dyed me a brown dress out-na onion juice, but I like um white."

A few minutes later there were five more girls in the room as the Neals and the Morgans made a hurried entrance. Sudna stepped out to let them chatter in peace.

They were all in their teens and she at twenty-two felt old and out of place. John McCorken was sitting on a kitchen chair still talking with the stranger. Sudna heard Mr. Peyton say, "What about your sons?"

"Hard to tell. Born up here, they never heard much politics talked, but they're Virginians, of course. Put it to them straight, I think they'll fight."

"And the others?"

"Jeff and Randy can collect some friends."

"Good," snapped Peyton. "I'll stay for the husking and wait for my chance. With twenty boys who know the mountains we can raise hell with the Yanks."

"I'm for you, Captain," said John McCorken.

Sudna slid out of the front door unnoticed. So he was Captain Peyton and a recruiting officer. In the yard the huskers were talking as they unhitched their teams from the wagons. None more than looked up as she went through the group to uncover the barbecue pit where the suckling pig, killed last night, would be roasted. Galloping hoofs came up the hill from the ford.

"Howdy, boys!"

"Well, if ain't Devil Bill. Howdy, Bill!"

The man swung down from his horse and emitted an ear-shocking whoop that brought the girls tumbling into the doorway. Bill Waggener was the youngest of five fighting brothers, all of whom stood six and a half feet, scaling above two hundred pounds. Devil Bill's rollicking and pugnacious ways made him both bully and beau of the mountain side. Tales of the man were legion. Once, agreeing to fight a live bear, Bill swung one of his ham-sized fists against the animal's heart and killed

it with a single blow. Again, having defeated his opponent in a wrestling match, Bill threw him over a fence and then picked up the rival's horse and tossed it over, too. He stood now with arms folded on a massive chest.

"Boys," he boomed, "you-all know how tiz whin I come ter one of these hyar huskin' bees. Who's evir gits a red y'ar gives it ter me so's I kin kiss the prettiest gal. Ef you doan, I'll crack ope yer head lak a squashed egg."

The girls giggled and the men nodded gravely. No one ever disputed his laws with Devil Bill. The huskers started off in a crowd toward the barn beyond the hill. Sudna saw Captain Peyton press his way gently through the doorway and follow along. He smiled as he approached her, showing strong white teeth, innocent of tobacco stain.

"Why, miss," he said, lifting the slouch hat, "I hadn't to see you dressed up. It's no wonder the large gentleman spoke so feelingly about kissing the prettiest girl."

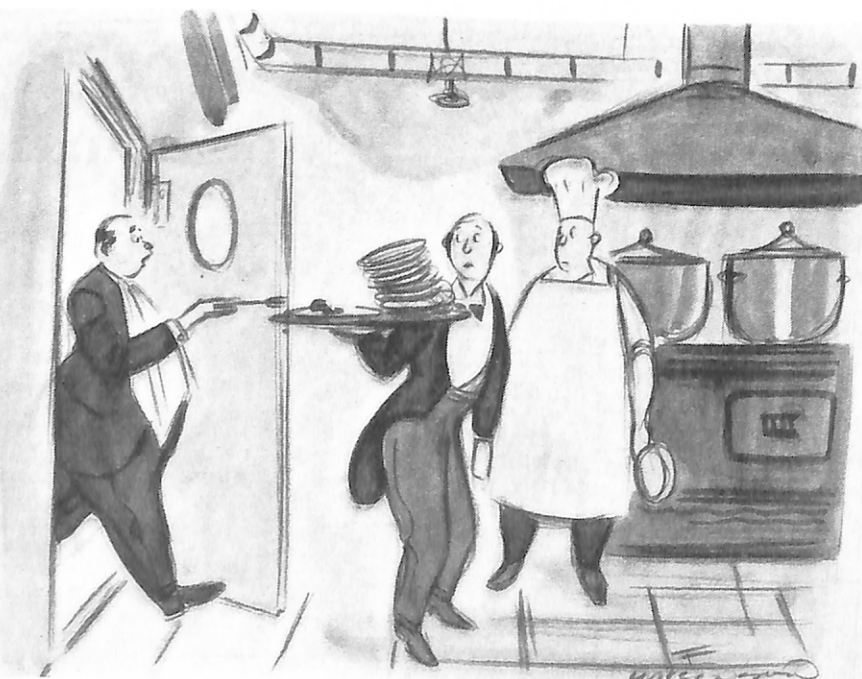
Sudna nearly sank into the barbecue pit. A man was actually paying her a compliment. A warm flush came up from her throat to cover her face. Captain Peyton stopped as if to admire. She could feel his eyes walking down her body till they stopped at the slight expanse of shin bone where the dress ended. She knew then how it would have felt this morning if the Falls had really stopped flowing.

"B-Bill," she stammered, "wasn't referring to me. He meant one of the Casey girls. They're prettiest."

Captain Peyton looked quizzically back at huddled groups and lowered his voice.

"Buncombe," he whispered.

Sudna had read of swooning heroines, but she never believed in the breed till now. All day—in the kitchen, in the meat house, over the barbecue fire—she was giddy with a swelling joy inside. No matter what else ever happened to her; no matter if she finally married one of these mountain bears in men's clothing, at least one dashing gallant had passed her a pretty compliment. Very likely, she confessed, Captain Peyton had bandied such words with a hundred girls in the Virginia valleys and towns. He might never so
(Continued on page 44)



"I wasn't quite finished."

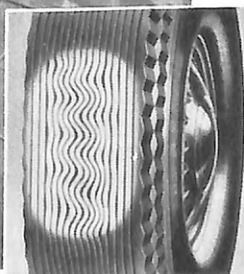
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Mermaid in the Mountains

(Continued from page 42)

much as remember this trifling incident, but it made no difference. If she lived to be older than these eternal hills, it was something she would never forget.

The men did not stop work for a midday meal. They labored steadily to finish before sundown. At four o'clock the table in the yard sagged with its load of hot bread and meats, vegetables, jams, pickles and layers of maple sugar candy. Old Sam, the colored fiddler, arrived and took his place beneath the big elm. Sheep had been grazed on the yard for a week to clean and smooth it for dancing. Jeff came down from the barn to give notice that the huskers were nearly finished. He helped John McCorken roll two squat barrels, bound round with hickory hoops, from the spring house.

The men came over the hill walking fast and made for the kegs of "mountain dew". Sudna saw that Peyton lagged behind, his arm around Randy's shoulders, talking earnestly. Perhaps he would enlist her brother for the Confederate Army, and through Randy she could hear news of her Captain after he had gone out of her life. The girls clustered at the table while the men drank. Old Sam began to move his horse-tail bow over the fiddle for an overture. He sang with a flapping of his long feet while the girls joined in the refrain.

"Did you eber see de Debil
Wid his ole wooden shubble
A-scratching up de grabble
Wid his night cap on?"

"No, I neber seed de Debil
Wid his old wooden shubble
A-scratching up de grabble
Wid his night cap on."

"Did you eber, eber, eber
Did you eber, eber, eber
Did you eber, eber, eber
Cotch a whale by de tail?"

"No, I neber, neber, neber—"

"Hush up!" It was Devil Bill. One pint dipper of whiskey was already down his gullet and another was poised at his lips.

"Somebuddy ain't played fa'r an' squar'!" he bawled. "Kain't tell me thar warn't no red y-ar in all thet cawn."

Sudna sighed resignedly. Might as well expect Bill to make trouble. He always did.

"Fess up," he roared. "Gimme it now and mebbe I forgit about the lickin'."

"Have you ever traveled on a river steamboat, Miss McCorken?" said an amused voice at her elbow. "Wild William there could make a fortune by hiring himself out as a fog horn."

Sudna held her breath. Captain Peyton had spoken loud enough for several bystanders to hear. No one to her knowledge had ever made fun of Devil Bill.

"No doubt," chuckled Peyton in a higher tone, "Wild William would have been preferable to the ladies, but luck, as it happens, was with me."

His hand went through the rawhide laces of his shirt and came out with a bright red ear of corn. Devil Bill stared and came forward. His big body rolled with a swagger.

"Gimme, stranger."

"It's mine, friend. I found it and I'll keep it."

What was visible of Devil Bill's face beneath the whiskers turned red enough to smoke and sizzle. He hunched his shoulders, lowered his head as if to charge, but something detained him. In Captain Peyton's free hand suddenly appeared a large Navy revolver.

"Now lookee, stranger," complained Bill, "thet ain't handsome. We ain't hankerin' for no shootin'. I'm a man as likes a squar' up and down fight. Will you put up yer dukes?"

"Don't!" whispered Sudna, shuddering. She realized that, with her hand on his arm, she had touched Captain Peyton for the first time in her life. "Please, don't. The man's a beast. He can kill you."

Peyton ignored her. "Boys," he addressed the throng, "if I'm man enough to beat Devil Bill, I guess you'll say I'm worth listening to. If I lick him, will you hear what I'll have to say?"

"Ef you lick him!" guffawed one. "I reckon thet's right funny."

Peyton handed the gun to John McCorken and the ear of corn to Sudna.

"Make a ring, boys!"

It was over sooner than anyone expected. Bill had stripped himself to the waist revealing biceps the size of a horse's haunch. He came in behind a right fist poised like a butcher's axe and swung from the hips. Peyton's left hand moved scarcely eight inches, but Bill stopped as if he had run into a wagon pole. He bent double when the same weapon went up to the hilt in his midriff, and his head snapped back as the fist jerked upward into his beard. Captain Peyton did not seem the happy craftsman at his work. A frown of pity and distaste wrinkled his high forehead. His eyes narrowed as if they were aiming down a gun barrel. He seemed intent on a single shot that would drop the game with no more delay. It would have been easier to see a copperhead strike than to follow the quick squirt of his right fist. Devil Bill hinged at the knees. He sat down hard and rolled over on his face.

"Give him water, not whiskey," said the Captain coolly. "He may have a slight concussion."

Sudna saw him blowing on his knuckles as he came. He took the ear of corn and tossed it high. One of his arms went round her waist and he pulled her forward away from the table.

"Who'll say she isn't the prettiest girl in sight?" he challenged gaily.

His breath was on her forehead. He was looking down into her eyes, saying something with his glance that she had no wits to understand. His lips felt along her cheek till they found her mouth. Flame ran through her veins. She clutched at his body, sobbing in her throat with a deep, sharp pain of ecstasy. Oh! It was too much! God was too good that He had given her everything all on one day. Peyton stepped back still holding her hands. His smile was gone. The black eyes said something serious and searching.

"Yow—ee-ee!"

The mountaineer whoop broke the spell which held her. The girls shrieked and the men shouted.

"Mister, a man who kin kiss and fight lak thet, is good nuff for we'uns. Eh, boys?"

They answered with another yell, and Peyton raised his hands high.

"Friends, we'll eat and drink and dance a little, and then I'll have something to tell you. Fiddler, can you give us 'Dixie'?"

Sudna was sufficiently recovered to marvel at the man's technique. Fill these highlanders with admiration, music and mountain dew and Peyton could lead a whole regiment out of the hills. The huskers were at the table, shouting between mouthfuls.

"I'll take my stand
Ter live and die for Dixie."

"Do you know who I am?" he asked her.

"How should I?"

"Luke Peyton, Captain, C. S. A. Attached to the staff of General Jubal Early. Twenty-five, white—single. At sundown I must go."

She nodded and a snatch of verse came to her tongue.

"A lightsome eye, a soldier's mein,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green—
No more of me ye knew, My Love,
No more of me ye knew."

She was surprised at her own boldness, but Luke Peyton gave another of his quick smiles.

"I heard a wise man say that Sir Walter Scott would be the ruination of the South. Would a Yankee soldier be risking his life to make love with

a girl? Chivalry, thy name is Dixie—and there's the rub. We're all too romantic with our plumes and our trappings, and war is too real. Listen, my dear. I'll be operating through these hills. The railroad connects Washington and the West. It's my job to disconnect it. Quick raids, burned bridges, torn-up tracks—I—"

Randy came flying. "Down at the crick," he panted. "I was lookin' to see if ile was still runnin' from the well. The ford's full o' soldiers. Blue uns."

Sudna heard the Captain catch his breath. Horsemen rushed up the hill in front of them. Others moved in behind from the direction of the barn. A man with chevrons on his blue coat rode over to where the kegs stood and fired a pistol in the air. The riders drew closer till they formed a tight circle, standing stirrup to stirrup, cuddling their carbines against their shoulders.

"You can pipe down that rebel song now," yelled the officer. "It's guided us very nicely and I thank you. Who's in charge here?"

"I'm the host, sir," said John McCorken. "We call this a husking bee. Mr. Lincoln hasn't passed laws against it, has he?"

"There's a law against harboring enemy spies, my clever friend."

"Spies? My dear Major, these are



Black Smoke

(Continued from page 17)

to it. He had to. He got used to the sight of Blaine, too, pacing it off on deck in all that howling noise, hour by hour, day and night, with haggard eyes roving the windy horizon.

The thirty-fourth day of the passage found the *Dallia* west of Scarborough Shoal, stretching the starboard tack with her lee channels barely free of the cream and her weather copper glittering in early morning light. An old sea cunny, aloft on the fore topgallant yard, suddenly flung out his arm and roared something down to the deck. "Junk-o!" he bellowed.

Red Tom leaped like a cat for the weather shrouds. When he came down again he was not the same. For the first time in the voyage a cold calm settled his face. His eyes were serene, untroubled. He stood at the wheelsman's shoulder.

"Let her fall off a bit." The ship rose, relieved of the press. "As she goes," he said.



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The mate crossed the deck. "Fisherman, sir?"

Red Tom looked at him quickly. "I think, Mr. Hawkin," he murmured, "I think we have Ylang Tao to wind-ard there."

"Lord love us, sir, we can run him hull down before he's time to square in his mats. No use to worry the way *this* gal sails."

"That, Mr. Hawkin, is what I'm afraid of."

"You—"

"Reeve lines to half a dozen empty water casks. Lash 'em to the taffrail and fling the tubs overside."

"Water casks over the stern? Why, bless us, sir, that'll cut her speed in half!"

"Precisely! And without shortening sail. The junk will think us a slow old walla. Get that fellow down from aloft. Keep the men out of sight, except those you can't do without. Pass out muskets and cutlasses. Here's the gunroom key. Draw the tompons and charge those quarter guns with solid shot. The swivels with grape. Then get tarpaulins over them. By heaven, I won't scare him off! Pass the word. If we lay Ylang Tao aboard, I give a hundred rupees extra pay to every *Dallia* man!"

The mate said nothing. He knew there was nothing to say by the tone of Red Tom's voice. Presently the *Dallia* slowed, feeling the effect of her stern drag. She started wallowing, straining against the weight. She seemed a slow, tough sailor now, battering wetly through running seas despite topgallants set. She looked an easy prey. That's what they must have thought on board the junk, for she came on steadily, a dark blob growing larger and more ugly against blue water and monsoon cloud. Before long you could make out plainly the dragon's eyes above the white nose of water at her bluff bows.

WITH wide braced feet, Red Tom watched her. A feverish excitement was on the little Baltimore brig. She was like a wasp against that looming hulk. Blaine alone seemed still and calm. The junk bore down, towering. He could see yellow faces, pig-tailed heads with glittering eyes and gaping mouths beneath cone-shaped rattan hats; and the brass cannon yawning on high poop and forward house. He raised his glass and lowered it. And suddenly to the peak of the junk's after mast a tattered bit of mat bunting broke loose. A blue St. George's cross on a pennant field of white! The *Dallia*'s master let the breath out of his lungs in a long, contented sigh. At that moment one of the brass guns belched flame and smoke. The war gongs clashed stridently, and the wild beat of battle drums. It was told the pilongs swallowed gunpowder mixed with their drink when those tom-toms roared. . . . Red Tom turned on his heel.

"All hands on deck!" he cried.

The men, held in leash till now, sprang into sight. An opium hand who didn't leap at the sound of a roaring China gun wasn't worth his salt. Blaine flung his arm toward the quarter deck where the tarpaulins came tearing off those four long-toms.

"You!" he shot out at the gun layer with the lumpy cud in his cheek. "Let me see you train guns now! . . . Topmen! That big yellow devil on her poop with the *creese* in his hand—you let him alone. Alone! There's plenty of other game for your musket balls. Stand by, you sea cunnies, while I lay you aboard for a fight!"

His roaring voice was cut short by the shatter of gunfire from the first men to gain the tops. A wild, outlandish screaming exploded in the China junk. This wasn't what they'd bargained for. They wanted easy prey—not a red headed devil with a voice like that, and hawk-eyed men spraying them with leaden hail. Red Tom, cutlass in hand, hacked at the taffrail lines. The water-filled casks, released, let the *Dallia* shoot ahead.

"Down helm!" the master cried.

THE little brig, diving forward swung sharply into and through the wind's eye with everything shuddering alow and aloft. Down came the topgallants, thrashing in their gear. The *Dallia*, steadying, gained the weather gauge. On the main deck the gunner, calmly waiting his time, put match to his powder train and blinked his eyes. The long gun roared, slapping back against the recoil ropes.

"Hulled him!" he bellowed exultantly before the smoke had cleared. "Hulled the beggar first pot, m'son!"

The *Dallia* drifted down. The two hulls ground together. A spattering of yellow men leaped for her narrow deck, shrieking against the boarding net. Red Tom let them come. They were well met with musket, dirk, and boarding pike, and went back howling. He himself had only one man in his eye; and he went for him, single-purposed, grim.

By a coir rope he hauled himself up to the junk's high poop. Half a dozen followed him. That yellow fellow, huge in the shadow of the mat sail, with the crooked blade in his hand and an ugly look in his oblique eyes: Ylang Tao was the man he wanted. He hadn't changed. He was much the same. Red Tom Blaine went straight for him. The pilong leader lunged, roaring out of a gaping mouth. Red Tom grinned as he caught the thrust with his cutlass and turned it aside. This, he thought, was good. This was what he'd been waiting for for so very long. They struggled chest to chest. In that moment Blaine reached swiftly with his free hand and tore the battle charm from the pirate's bull-thick throat. The Chinese bellowed and sprang back, crouching. Red Tom felt the sting of steel in his side, but had no time to turn. The yellow man plunged

ahead again. Blaine parried and cut. All he knew was that his cutlass steel drove home and that quite suddenly that ugly face wasn't there any longer. It went down, toppling clumsily from the high poop to the deck below.

In all the savage din, he sprang at once for the bamboo rail. His head shot back, gauging the halyard that held Ylang Tao's homemade pennant cross aloft. Slashing at it, it came down on the run. He heard the wild cheering of his own men as he waved them back aboard the brig and then leaped himself. The pilong junk, grapplings loosed, drifted slowly off, a battered wreck, her crew babbling in terror. Red Tom Blaine, panting, remained motionless for a moment, his eyes aflame, the pirate flag clutched securely in his fist while the long-toms spoke again.

"Hold fire!" he ordered then. "Let the beggars limp their way to land. Ready about!"

And the *Dallia*, with her littered decks and nursing her wounded men, pirouetted like a racing yacht and stood again on the starboard tack while the strong monsoon ripped the hanging clouds of powder smoke to shreds. Until, toward evening some days later, she came rushing in on a long tight stretch to lift the coast out of the endless sweep of sea and sky. He had done the thing other men thought impossible. He had beaten a way at last through the northeast wind's wall of stone. Tom Blaine had the land fever in his blood as he lay the *Dallia* down for Macao Roads. In his hold he had six hundred-odd hide-bound chests of the first black smoke ever to reach the river hong in the season of that monsoon. It would mean a fortune to Raddaboy Towamjee; and he could name whatever freightage he chose. But it was plain by the sight of him that it wasn't that triumph he thought so much of. He told his mate as much between short choppy paces of the quarter deck.

"Mr. Hawkin," he bit off, "these are my orders. You will turn the cargo over to Towamjee Family the moment the agent steps on board. The papers are ready. You will find them in good order. There is nothing due me and the ship for freight. Not a rupee. I have assigned it to him clear of charge."

Mr. Hawkin gasped in dismay. "You . . . what?"

"Aye. They may smuggle the smoke upriver in the usual way. I made a promise to Raddaboy, and it's done. But so far as I am concerned it's filthy trade and I want no profit of it."

"Where's the sense in that?" Mr. Hawkin was outraged. "You build a ship to beat the northeast winds and clear the China Sea of that swine Ylang Tao; and you lay down a lad-ling of opium seven months ahead of the first country ship. Why, good Lord, sir! You can name your own price. So help me, you can! And you. . . . What do you get out of it?"

"I have enough. All I want."

"But—"

"Those are my orders!"

Mr. Hawkin, looking at him, knew enough to hold his peace. "Aye, sir," was all he growled.

The *Dallia* came on, all towering and white, carrying with her a great rushing noise of wind and water. And the mate, still growling, turned as they closed the land.

"Pilots huggin' their bellies inside over their fish an' rice. Eh? Who'd expect an India ship this time of year? Shall we lay her to till morning, sir?"

"Lay her to be damned! Send a leadsman to the chains. I'll take her in myself."

And he did. With Ylang Tao's pilong flag at the truck of his main as the sunset flamed in the western board. In the inner harbor he rounded to and let his anchors go while the dribble of coasters gaped at that strange lean hull with the raking spars and the canvas shaking in the gear. A Chinese boatman spied the tattered blue-white flag he flew and let out a shrill high squeal. He knew what it meant. The word went round like fire. But long before the *Dallia's* men had her canvas stowed to the weird chanting of "Old China Hand," Red Tom Blaine had his gig in the water, making for Custom Quay.

He went striding along the Praya Grande as if he had been there only yesterday and knew what he was about. Till he came to a fine stone house whose upper balconies, pale in twilight, looked toward Nine Islands and the Lintin Anchorage. He went in, brushing the Chinese houseboy aside. Because he saw a girl through thick folds of hanging draperies, standing against candle light with the last bright gleam of sunset falling just short of her through the windows that faced the sea.

He went into that room and stopped short, breathing heavily. She turned at his entrance, startled, and uttered a short gasp of surprise. She was tall and slim and dressed in pale blue, with some white flowers at her breast, that filled the room with delicate perfume. Recovering her poise almost at once, she eyed him with haughty dignity. She saw a hatless giant with flame red hair and still, grey, haggard eyes in a wind-hacked face. He stood motionless, looking at her. He wore white drill and an open deep water jacket, with his left arm strapped to his chest by bandages, and his right fist closed on something at his side. A seaman, there was no doubt. Her eyes flashed angrily.

"How dare you come bursting in on me this way!"

"You are Madeline," he said, with a slight hoarseness in his throat. "You are Madeline Bowers."

"That gives you no right to charge in here like a bull. How dare you—"

"I did not know you would be so beautiful."

"I wish to know who you are. At

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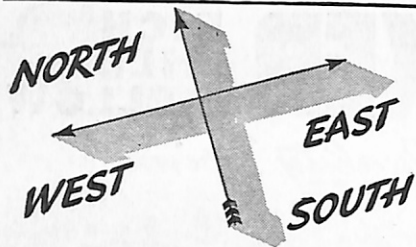
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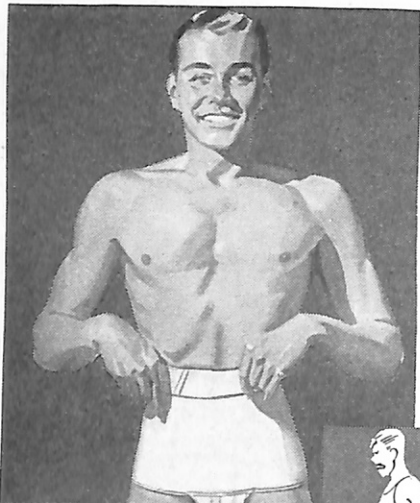
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once!" Her voice rang with anger. "I am master of the brig, *Dallia*, thirty-nine days from Calcutta Sands against the northeast wind. No ship on earth has done that before."

"And you are proud." Her full lips curled scornfully. "With opium, I suppose."

"Yes. Black smoke. Because it was the only way."

"You are an insolent fellow." She moved with quick grace toward a bell rope. "What do you wish—before I have you thrown out!"

"I came to tell you that Ylang Tao is dead."

She stopped short quite suddenly. Her small white hand fell away from the silken bell pull. Outside, the monsoon wailed. The faint crying of a sweetmeat pedlar reached them, a thin, pleading voice in the night. Her eyes went wide. "You. . ."

"He is dead," Red Tom repeated. "I brought you . . . this."

He raised his good hand. As his fist opened, something gleamed in his palm, a torn, thin golden chain with a pendant attached; a pendant set with glittering blue stones in the form of St. George's cross. Fascinated, she lifted it with fingers that trembled a little. Her face was suddenly pale.

"I brought it," he said, "because I promised I would."

Her fine head came up swiftly at that. "This," she breathed, "this belonged to my father."

"Yes. I know."

"Ylang Tao took it from about his throat after murdering him on the Praya Grande before this very house in the last Macao raid."

"Yes. That was almost seven years ago."

"How do you know? Who told you?"

"I was there."

"You. . . ." She rushed forward, stopping directly in front of him to peer intently into his eyes. The candle flames leaped up and fell again.

Her face, half in light, half in shadow, glowed. "You are the red headed boy who—"

"—who came running up to you with a dirk in his hand that night when you wept on the cobblestones. You looked so small, so helpless, so full of grief. I have never forgotten."

"Tom Blaine!"

"Aye."

"And you swore to a fifteen-year-old girl you would avenge the murder and bring her back her cross of St. George."

"Aye. So I did."

"You weren't much more than a boy."

"No."

Looking at him, she smiled at last. It made her face come alight. "I had almost forgotten. We say such fine things when we are young. Such very fine things, Tom." There was something in her eyes now, some bubbling memory. Her voice tinkled, like merry bells from far away. "I was a very romantic girl then, Tom. I made a promise, too, that night. Didn't I? To wait for the man who brought me this."

Red Tom grinned, shifting his feet. He tried to get his eyes away from her. It was a difficult thing to do. But he managed it at last. "I was hoping, Madeline," he growled, "I was hoping you might still be . . . a little romantic."

"Oh, were you now?"

She laughed a low, soft laugh that was good to hear. He could only grin at her again. But Mr. Hawkin should have been there. He should have seen the way they looked at each other. It might have made him understand what Tom Blaine meant when he said he had all he wanted out of his dangerous voyage against the northeast monsoon. Something better than a profitable freight out of the hated black smoke of India. Because by the grin on Red Tom's face it was plain he was quite content.

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 21)

payers. There was the gob who decided to sell a new hawser, worth \$500 to the French, and was caught by the mate as he lowered the rope. "Give me a hand, Mate," he yelled, "I just caught one of the frogs making away with this line!" (Lippincott, \$2.50) . . . Speaking of gobs, there's a hardboiled tale of an unlucky fellow in "He Swung and He Missed," by Eugene O'Brien. It is intended to show that life in the Navy is not all fun. (Reynal & Hitchcock, \$2) . . . Do you enjoy biography of American statesmen? Read "Henry Clay: Spokesman for the West" by Prof. Bernard Mayo. (Houghton, Mifflin) . . . And finally, did you know that Emily Post has

written a new edition of her famous "Etiquette" and that lots of ways, once outlawed in good society, are now permissible? The "bad breaks" of 1890 become "the thing to do" in 1937. (Funk & Wagnalls)

PROBLEMS OF A BRITISH PHYSICIAN

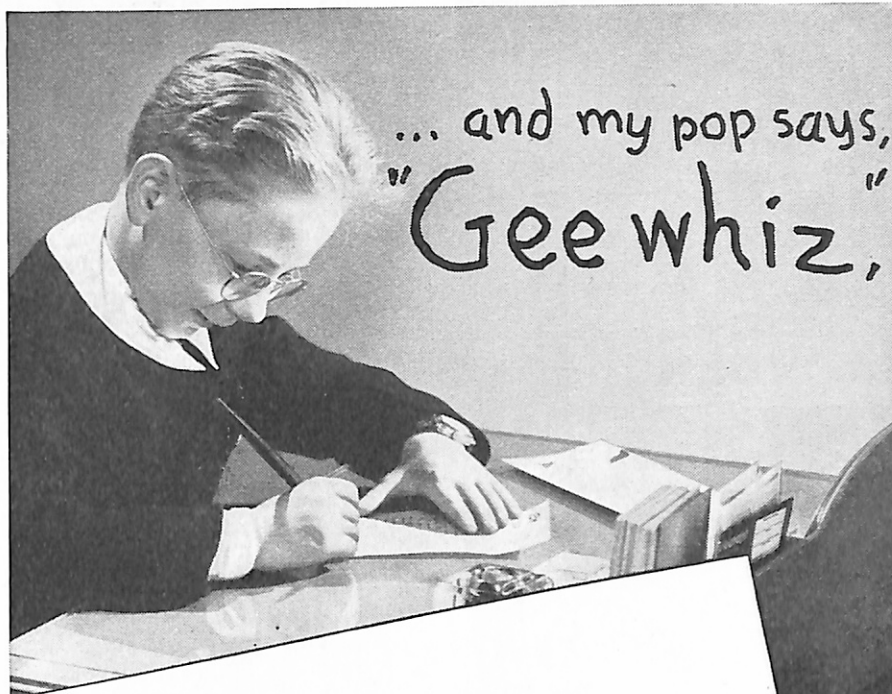
EVERYBODY who has ever had anything to do with doctors—and that means nearly all of us—will read "The Citadel," by A. J. Cronin, for more than mere entertainment. In England it's a sensation, because it has hit home, but even Americans are not quite sure that doctors know everything. Here is the story of young Dr. Manson, honor graduate

of St. Andrew's, who gets a small job as assistant to a decrepit and dying old doctor in the poor part of Wales. Almost the first week he encounters enteric fever, caused by bad sewers, and another doctor, who is turning to drink because things are hopeless, tells him the only remedy is to blow up the sewer. They do so, with sticks of stolen dynamite. Then he encounters no end of difficulties; the provincial doctors are either lazy or ignorant; the families prefer the old ways. The doctors work as individuals, competing when they should be cooperating; when Dr. Manson talks organization for the sake of helping the sick, he is told that it can't be done. Later in London, he does something unethical: he takes a case out of a nursing home to a man who is not a registered physician and this man cures a girl of pulmonary trouble by induction of the pneumothorax. This causes Manson to be cited before the London board, where he is in danger of losing his license. Thus Dr. Cronin—for the author was a physician before he began writing novels—poses two questions: why can't doctors organize; and why does the profession outlaw certain men, when Pasteur, Koch, Metchnikoff and Haffkine were not licensed doctors? The novel is by no means a controversial tale alone. It is also a good story, filled with the fine character of Dr. Manson, his wife Christine, and a few loyal men; the author makes Manson human, not superhuman, and puts succinctly before us the hard, endless fight society has to wage to overcome ignorance, sloth, greed and antiquated methods in a profession meant to benefit mankind. Dr. Cronin writes a story of action, as those who enjoyed "Hatter's Castle" know very well. (Little, Brown, \$2.50)

"Katrina" by Sally Salminen, is a love story—the tale of how a girl from Finland sails away with her husband to live on the Aland islands, how she tames her man, faces birth and death, a novel filled with deep feeling. A fine mature work, a book that cannot be read without emotion. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50)

LOOK ELEVEN YEARS YOUNGER

Letting yourself get old is inexcusable. The years don't matter; it's the way you meet them. Gelett Burgess believes that we can do much to keep youthful by avoiding bad habits, wandering thoughts, lazy ways. In "Look Eleven Years Younger" he argues that old age is a habit, that conscious control will encourage flexibility, that a healthy interest in life and people will keep the mind from becoming stagnant and create new points of view and new desires. This book has a lot of solid sense in it and none of those exaggerated pep-talks that are put out by professional glad-handers. (Simon & Schuster, \$1.96)



... and my pop says,
"Gee whiz,"



When we got to
Niagara Falls my pop bought
Some gas and the man looked
at the oil and he says
"It's still full" and my pop
says, "Gee whiz, I never went
that far without adding oil
before." And the man says
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My pop says "Sure, but how
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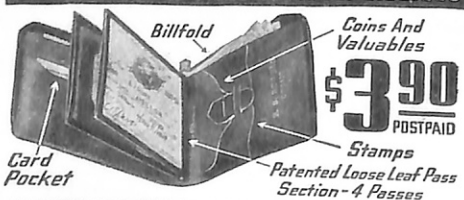
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Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 34)

Mr. Schrader, Chairman of the Banquet Committee, Dr. E. L. Davis, Berwick, George J. F. Falkenstein, McKeesport, James B. Sleeman, Huntingdon, Dr. D. S. Ashcom, Allegheny, George J. Post, Mahanoy City, Harry I. Koch, Allentown, Pemberton M. Minster, Bristol, Howard R. Davis, Williamsport, John F. Nugent, Braddock, M. F. Horne, New Kensington, Dr. Daniel J. Miller, Reading, and Scott E. Drum, Hazelton.

The Grand Exalted Ruler spoke that evening of a meeting which he has called for the first meeting night in November of all Elk Lodges, at which time city, county and State officials and members of the various safety councils throughout the country will be invited to discuss this critical situation and plan with members of the Lodges to work for its elimination. Another of his telling speeches was delivered at the initiation of the Convention Class when he spoke again on the campaign to reduce heavy traffic toll and called upon the subordinate Lodges for cooperation.

Grand Exalted Ruler Hart was the guest of honor and principal speaker at the 35th Annual Convention of the Wisconsin State Elks Association at Madison Thursday, Friday and Saturday, August 26, 27, 28. At the Convention Banquet, held on Friday evening, the Grand Exalted Ruler brought the large crowd to its feet when he spoke with vigor and conviction on the evils of Communism. In this, as well as his other speeches made during his stay in Madison, he explained his proposed safety program to reduce automobile fatalities. Judge Clayton Van Pelt, Fond du Lac, Chief Justice of the Grand

Forum, acted as Toastmaster. Other talks were given by State President R. W. Mills, Fond du Lac; Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Charles E. Broughton, Sheboygan; Past State Pres. Myron E. Schwartz, Two Rivers, and William F. Ehmman, E.R. of the host Lodge, Madison, No. 410.

The Grand Exalted Ruler called a noon-day meeting on Sunday, at which he conferred with those District Deputies attending the Convention. With their Lodges and the Districts represented, they were as follows: Jacob F. Federer, Sheboygan, Wis., N. E.; Joseph W. Selbach, Eau Claire, Wis., N. W.; John C. Fay, La Crosse, Wis., South; T. C. Bailey, Bemidji, Minn., North; Otto Baudler, Austin, Minn., South; John G. Stenglein, Marquette, Mich., North, and the Rev. P. F. McGeough, Valley City, North Dakota.

The Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in Sandusky Tuesday, August 31, to take part in the Annual Convention held by the Ohio State Elks Association at nearby Cedar Point. He was accompanied by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters of Chicago and Grand Treasurer Dr. E. J. McCormick of Toledo. The party was greeted by James S. Richardson, Cincinnati, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, on behalf of the State Association, and during their stay the distinguished visitors were shown every attention. Mr. Hart addressed the delegates at the Wednesday business session and that evening he spoke at the dinner given at The Breakers Hotel by Past State Presidents and the Association officers headed by Pres. Fred L. Bohn of Zanesville.



News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 35)

Ritualistic Cup, the Lodge having won the State Contest for three consecutive years. The Association voted to establish another Scholarship Award to equal the amount received from the Elks National Foundation Trustees. The banquet and entertainment held at the close of the Convention were well attended and many prizes were presented by Waterbury Lodge No. 265.

RHODE ISLAND

The election of new officers of the Rhode Island State Elks Association took place on Sunday, June 20, dur-

ing the Association's annual meeting held at the Plimpton Hotel, Watch Hill, with Westerly, R. I., Lodge, No. 678, in charge of the convention activities. P.E.R. George A. Dolan, Westerly, was elected President. The other officers chosen to serve with him are Vice-Pres.-at-Large, Thomas C. Mee, Woonsocket; 2nd Vice-Pres., Edward J. Bigoness, Pawtucket; Secy., Bernard J. McLaughlin, Providence; Treas., Dr. Edward C. Morin, Pawtucket; Trustee for five years, Thomas J. Flynn, Providence. Mr. Dolan was Chairman of the Convention Committee which was made up of members of the local

Lodge. The retiring President, Edward H. Powell, Providence, presided over the installation ceremonies. The ritual of initiation was exemplified by the officers of Providence Lodge led by E.R. John E. Mullen. Woonsocket Lodge No. 850 was awarded the 1938 Convention. This year's meeting fulfilled all expectations and was one of the most enjoyable ever held.

The morning was spent in sports and recreation. A dinner, attended by more than 250 delegates, their wives and friends, was followed by the business session. The speakers were Mr. Mee, Mr. Flynn, Superior Court Judge Mortimer A. Sullivan, and Mr. Dolan who made the speech welcoming the delegates in attendance representing Newport, Westerly, Pawtucket, Providence and Woonsocket Lodges. The presentation of the \$300 scholarship, awarded by the State Association, was made by Mr. Flynn, Miss Helen Teresa Edmonds, a second-year student at Rhode Island State College, being the recipient. Miss Edmonds is studying for a career as a laboratory technician and doctor's assistant.

NORTH CAROLINA

It was announced at the Annual Convention of the North Carolina State Elks Association held last May in Charlotte that the Elks of the State had raised \$1,000 as a contribution toward a national fund to be used for furthering education. At an informal session Pres. John J. Morton named the winners in an essay contest on the subject "American Schools as a Public Safeguard." Cash awards were made to Miss Emily Patrick of the New Berne High School, Randolph Denton of Gold Sand High School, Wood, N. C., and Miss Mae Wanda Miller of the Winston-Salem High School.

The Association elected as officers for 1937-38 John W. Caffey, Greensboro, Pres.; C. M. Epting, Salisbury, 1st Vice-Pres.; C. A. Jurgensen, Wilmington, 2nd Vice-Pres.; W. C. Burns, High Point, Secy., and Tom C. Daniels, New Berne, Treas. C. R. Davis, Concord, was elected Trustee for three years; J. J. Burney, Wilmington, Trustee for two years, and D. A. Morris, Durham, Trustee for one year. Greensboro was selected as the 1938 meeting place.

The Convention was declared to be one of the best arranged ever held by the Association, with one of the largest attendances ever recorded. It was marked by the presence of the Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order, David Sholtz, the Governor of the State, Clyde R. Hoey, and other distinguished Elks, among them being Howard R. Davis, Williamsport, Pa., a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, Henry M. Durham, Greensboro, a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, and D.D.'s Leslie P. Gardner, Goldsboro, and George W. Munford, Durham. One thousand were present



7

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at the luncheon at the Hotel Charlotte during which the Grand Exalted Ruler and Gov. Hoey delivered outstanding addresses. The social program was varied and the Home of Charlotte Lodge No. 392 was the scene of continuous entertaining during the two-day meeting, E.R. Ernest D. Grady, the officers and the members of the convention committees were constantly on hand to see that everybody was well received and taken care of. The first day featured a buffet luncheon for arriving visitors and closed with a dance. The second day's big feature was the luncheon at the Hotel Charlotte with the Convention Ball taking place in the evening.

PENNSYLVANIA

Lancaster, Pa., Lodge No. 134 realized one of its most cherished ambitions when it entertained the Pennsylvania State Elks Association at its Annual Convention beginning Sunday August 22 and extending through the 26th. This was the Association's 31st meeting and one of its greatest. The total number of delegates attending was estimated at 186, with 72 alternates and 100 past and present State and National officers and committeemen. Prestige was lent by the presence of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener and J. Edgar Masters of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, and Charles H. Grakelow, Philadelphia, Grand Trustee William T. Phillips, Secy. of New York Lodge No. 1, Joseph B. Kyle, Gary, Ind., Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and many other dignitaries of the Order. An account of Mr. Hart's activities is included in this month's issue in the section devoted to the Grand Exalted Ruler's visits.

Grover C. Shoemaker, of Bloomsburg Lodge, was elected President for the coming year. Serving with him are Vice-Pres. Edward D. Smith, Lewistown; Secy. (21st term) W. S. Gould, Scranton, and Treas. Harold A. Sholm, Reading. P.D.D. Charles Hogan, Pottsville, was elected Trustee for a five-year term. The District Vice-Presidents are: N. Cent., Joseph Desmond, Renovo; S.E., George M. Kirk, West Chester; N.W., R. D. Rossiter, Ambridge; S.W., Walter Dailey, Pittsburgh; Cent., Joy Switzer, Indiana; S. Cent., Edward S. Grim, Gettysburg; N.E., Alfred Mitke, Freeland. The officers were installed by Past Pres. Dr. E. L. Davis of Berwick. The retiring President, William D. Hancher, Washington, Pa., Lodge, was elected to life membership in the Association, and awarded the Past President's jewel, with Past Pres. Harry I. Koch, Allentown, making the presentation. The 1938 Convention will be held at New Castle.

The social events were many and varied. Among them were the State President's Dinner, with Past Pres.

F. J. Schrader, Assistant to Grand Secretary Masters, in charge, and the State President's Ball, both held at the Hotel Brunswick; band concerts; a cabaret dance in the International Room of the Lodge Home on Tuesday, "Bohemian Night," another on Wednesday, designated as "A Night in Paris," and a third on Thursday, "Oriental Night." A Tea was given for the ladies by the Junior League at Wheatland Shrine, the home of Pennsylvania's President, James Buchanan. The Golf Tournament in which H. M. Sterner, of Hanover, Pa., received the championship trophy, was held at the Lancaster Country Club and the Trapshooting Contest at Oregon Manor. Tours were made to nearby historic spots and famous manufacturing plants.

The parade took place on Thursday despite a heavy downpour of rain. Two thousand marching Elks received the applause of the 25,000 spectators along the route. York Lodge captured the first prize for the best band, a second for having the most men in line, and tied with Lebanon Lodge for the second best drum and bugle corps, Pottsville Lodge being the winner. Harrisburg Lodge won a first prize for the best float, Lebanon Lodge for having the most men in line, Reading for the best uniformed unit, and Williamsport for the marching unit coming the longest distance. The Mounted Patrol of Philadelphia Lodge accompanied by the Elks Band occupied a prominent place in the procession.

TWO Lodges competed on Wednesday evening in the Ritualistic Contest, Bellefonte and Ellwood City, the latter winning the championship. That same evening the Drill Teams of Lancaster and Pottsville Lodges gave exhibitions at Center Square. Lancaster Lodge has held the State championship for the past three years, but was not eligible this year to enter into competition due to the fact that it was the host Lodge to the Convention. The Pottsville Team was declared the winner. The annual Memorial Services were in charge of Past State Pres. Howard R. Davis of Williamsport. The Secretary's report showed a good membership increase for the year.

Among the outstanding events of the 5-day meeting were the Grand Exalted Ruler's meetings with the Past State Presidents and with his District Deputies, a big class initiation of 46 members in charge of Mahanoy City Lodge, which is famous for its ritualistic work, and the awarding of the 1937-38 college and university Scholarships to the 12 students of Pennsylvania high schools chosen for their outstanding records. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow made the presentations to the eleven winners who were present on the rostrum. One boy, who was unable to attend, received his award by mail.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 31)

Millville, N. J., Lodge's Crippled Children's Outing a Happy One

Millville, N. J., Lodge, No. 580, gave its Fifteenth Annual Crippled Children's Seashore Outing at Wildwood. The event proved to be the largest and most delightful ever staged by the Lodge. The gates of the New Jersey resort were thrown wide open to receive the long caravan of buses and private cars when they arrived under a double police escort, both State and local. Mothers, nurses and friends were with the children. Most of the youngsters left the cars at the cemetery at Cape May Courthouse to place flowers on the grave of the late former Mayor Edward S. Culver who had been their staunch friend. At the Funchase Pier the youngsters found the Jack Rabbit and other amusement devices at their disposal. Those children with casts on their limbs were cared for in rolling chairs. Treats had also been provided for those in hospitals who could not be moved.

T. M. Dauginas, owner of the Blackstone Hotel, and a member of Millville Lodge, gave the party of more than 600 a fine dinner in the

Blue Gardens. A floor show, consisting of high class vaudeville, included an act by Neo, one of America's great clowns and tumblers. Frank J. Guiffra, prominent local confectioner, donated a large quantity of candy. The Crippled Children's Committee of the Lodge was fully repaid for its hard work and full cooperation was given by the entire membership.

C. M. Tardy is Host to Life Members of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge

The officers of the Life Members Club of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, and several guest members of the Order, were entertained at dinner recently by P.E.R. Clarence M. Tardy, Past Pres. of the Ala. State Elks Assn., and President of the Club. The enjoyable affair took place at the Redmont Hotel and was attended by Harry W. English, Gus Roltholz, John H. Taylor, John F. Antwine, Dr. John W. Perkins, Matt H. Barr, H. J. Baum, L. R. Sebastine, Ben Mendelsohn, Prof. Fred L. Grambs, Fred Conradi, W. T. Harrison and George Howle, life members, and E. V. Davis and A. B. Bromley, guests.

Quincy, Mass., Elks Give Their Exalted Ruler a Unique Party

A "Bachelor Party" given by Quincy, Mass., Lodge, No. 943, ostensibly for Robert Butler, a member about to embark on the sea of matrimony, turned out to be something entirely different. E.R. George F. McLaughlin, who had worked hard for the party's success and had even bought a ticket for himself, found out as the evening progressed that the testimonial dinner and other festivities were in the nature of a send-off celebrating his leaving for the Grand Lodge Convention at Denver. The Exalted Ruler had been chosen to present the bridegroom-to-be with what he thought was a check for \$50. After the presentation, Asst. District Attorney George Arbuckle made a speech calculated to further mislead the real guest of honor, and then suddenly produced a handsome traveling bag fitted with all the essentials for a long-distance trip. This, with great ceremony, he presented to Mr. McLaughlin.

The next day a large and lively delegation of Quincy Elks was on hand at the South Station in Boston
(Continued on page 55)

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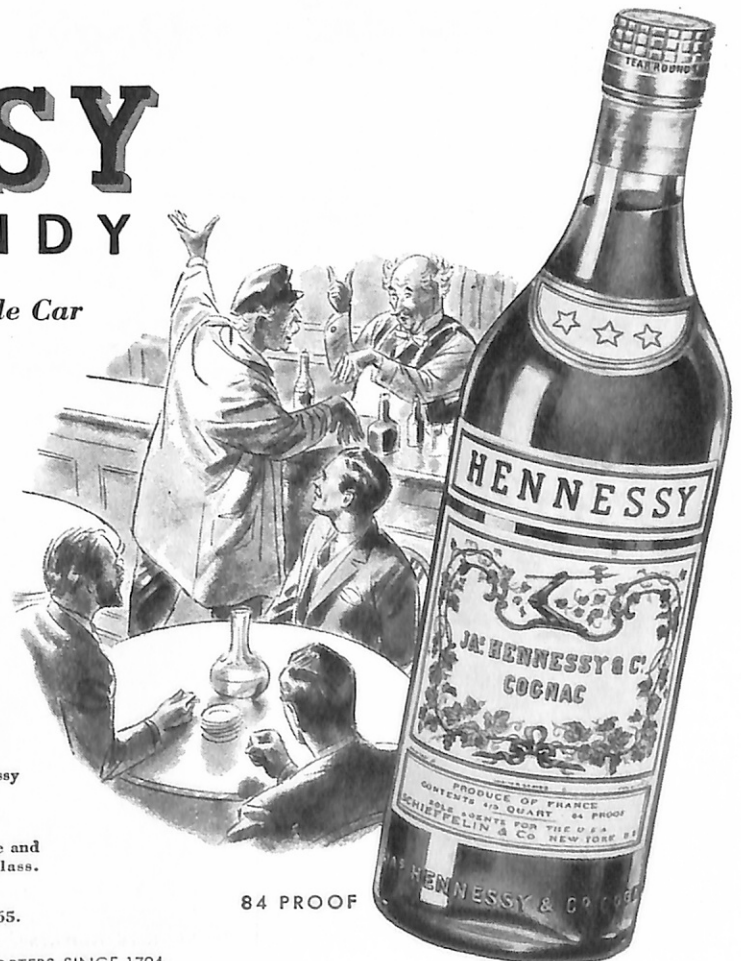
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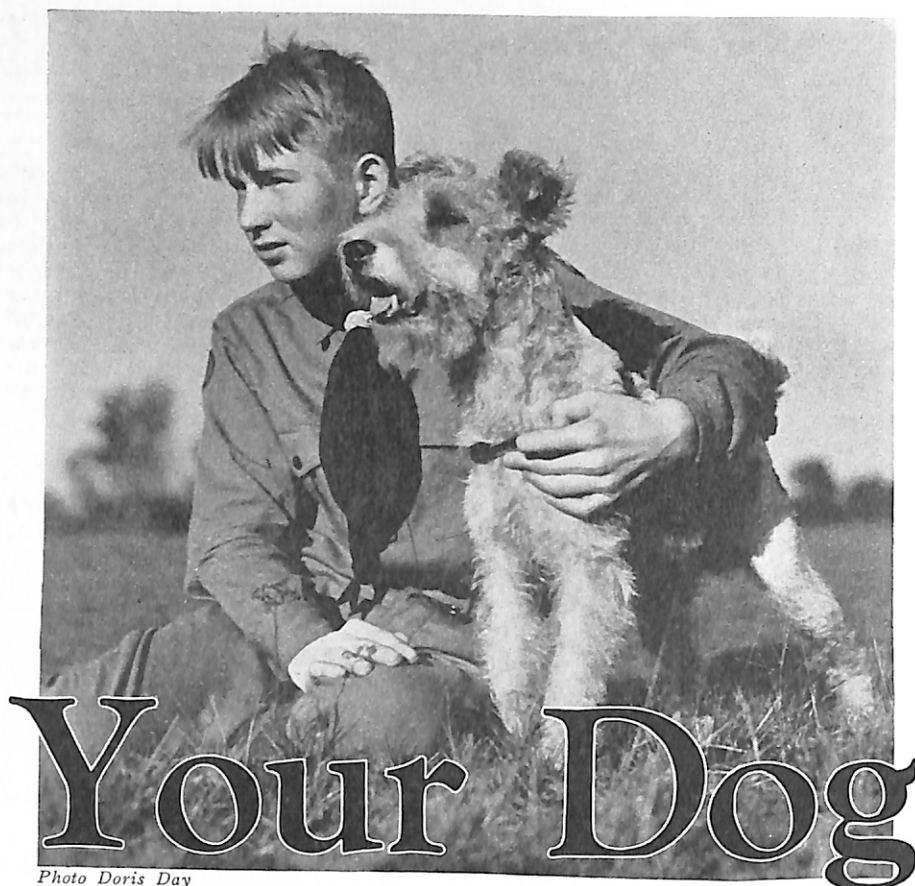


Photo Doris Day

Dog Don'ts

By Captain Will Judy
Editor of Dog World Magazine

THE philosophers tell us that there are only two basic conceptions of any existence: a thing does exist; it does not exist. In other words, yes and no.

I presented some dog do's or some yes's in my August article. This month I turn negative and present some dog don'ts, believing that sometimes we can learn what to do by learning what not to do.



Welsh Terrier Champion Warwell Wanda—Best of Breed Morris and Essex Show, 1937—Courtesy W. A. Chapman, Sherwood Hill Kennels, Yonkers, N. Y.

However, do not make your dog's life merely a constant succession of don'ts.

Many more dog don'ts could be added to this list, but I think that the following comprises the important ones.

DON'T permit a local police officer to try his marksmanship if you must dispose of your dog—be kind, call in a vet—the cost is slight.

DON'T allow the dog to chill after bathing.

DON'T experiment on sick dogs.

DON'T give worm medicine to a sick dog.

DON'T exercise the dog within thirty minutes after he has eaten.

DON'T allow strangers to chastise the dog.

DON'T fear a dog because it is frothing at the mouth.

DON'T allow the dog to lie constantly near the radiator in winter time.

DON'T allow vicious dogs to roam the streets unmuzzled.

DON'T fondle or pet strange dogs.

DON'T give quantities of water to a dog that is vomiting.

DON'T allow dogs to sit in chairs.

DON'T take dogs needlessly into strange kennels as there is danger of disease.

DON'T allow the dog to roam by himself; he should always be within sight of his master.

DON'T beat a dog; a light whipping with a few loosely rolled sheets of newspaper and shaming generally are sufficient.

DON'T forget to call a policeman or the humane society if you observe any ill treatment of a dog.

DON'T believe that meat will make a dog mad.

DON'T give castor oil for all forms of constipation.

DON'T neglect paying (and promptly too) for damages your dog may have done.

DON'T pour kerosene on your dog's skin for fleas.

DON'T neglect calling a veterinarian for your sick dog as both dog and doctor want to live.

DON'T encourage needless dog fights.

DON'T attempt to take a bone away from a dog without first calling his attention to the act.

DON'T feed any small bones.

DON'T let your dog sleep in a draft or in a damp place.

DON'T let everybody pet your dog if he is to be a watchdog.

DON'T shout commands to your dog in an excited tone of voice.

DON'T kill your dog through stomach troubles by overfeeding him.

DON'T run the risk of losing your dog by not having your name and address on his collar plate.

DON'T try to avoid paying a license fee.

DON'T let your dog cross the street without being by his side or without a leash unless he is trained.

DON'T believe everything poorly informed people tell you about dogs.

If you want further detailed information as to the care of your Dog, we will be glad to answer your questions or send you a pamphlet at no cost to you. Address The Elks Magazine—50 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 53)

to make sure that their Exalted Ruler, his wife and his traveling bag were comfortably established in their Pullman quarters on the Elks' Special. Flowers for Mrs. McLaughlin were presented to her by Est. Lect. Knight T. Russell Hally not only as a token of good will, but were by way of being a "consolation prize," the party the night before having kept Mr. McLaughlin away from home at a time when he was, naturally, needed to assist in last-minute packing. Mr. Butler also received his reward. He was such a willing "goat" and did such a good piece of acting that plans began immediately to be put in force for a bona fide bachelor party to honor him all by himself.

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Mermaid in the Mountains

(Continued from page 45)

my neighbors. Mountain farmers and grazers, as you can see."

"All? The gentleman in riding boots, for instance."

"Allow me to present Mr. Dennis, a merchant of Pittsburgh. Doubtless you noticed my sons' salt well. Mr. Dennis came to buy."

"Tain't so!"

Devil Bill lifted his bulk from the table and shoved John McCorken aside. He pointed, trembling.

"Thet pusson—he came ter git us fer Jeff Davis's army. He was feelin' us out over ter the barn. He tole the nigger to play 'Dixie.' Ef he ain't a Sesh, I'm a rattlesnake."

"Well spoken, my friend," resumed the officer. "Now, Mr. Dennis of Pittsburgh, you can settle this interesting question. I am fortunate enough to have spent several months drilling troops in your fair city. Tell me. What building stands next to the Union Hotel?"

Sudna heard Luke's dry chuckle by her side, saw him holding his other pistol butt-forward.

"Major, it's a singular pleasure to surrender, since surrender I must, to a gentleman of such wit and travel. My compliments, sir, and will you accept my side arms?"

"Not from a spy. Naturally, you are aware that the Articles of War insist on a uniform even when blowing up bridges. We hang spies to save powder. Take him, men."

He was gone before she knew it. She heard the horses snort and saw them shy as he dove between their legs. The troopers whirled their mounts bumping each other's knees. The air smelt sweet with burnt powder as the carbines crashed. Luke ran low to the ground. At the second volley he sprawled full length on the edge of the river bank. He stood up again and lunged over out of sight. When she caught up, troopers were spraying the water, their shots making greenish wounds in the oily surface.

"Hold fire, you ninnies," yelled the Major. "Down into the ford with you. He can't swim over the dam."

Sudna ran down hill on feelingless limbs. She splashed into the shallows among the horses. The grease stank and weighted her skirt. The Falls caught the level setting sun and looked red as flame or blood. The carbines went off all at once again.

"That's him," yelled a trooper. "He just went by full o' lead. I got him."

The man had dipped his gun into the current and fished out the slouch headpiece. Sudna saw something that made her scream. She felt arms and Randy was dragging her to shore.

She howled—a high, piercing screech that was laughter and hysteria. Randy made helpless noises of comfort, but she scarcely heard. The

Major came out of the ford, cursing his men.

"Ha! Ha!" shrieked Sudna. "He fooled you. You wanted to save powder and hang him, but he fooled you. Just like he did last night when he blew up Roaring Gap bridge right under your nose."

"Well, he's dead now. You saw him go through the ford full of lead."

"Your lead, Yankee. Ha! Ha!"

"She's off her noodle," grunted the Major. "Were they sweethearts?"

"Naw," said Randy. "She never seed him afore. Cum on, Sis."

He led her up hill behind the troopers. The sun was going down. The soldiers made camp in the yard and ate the barbecue. The huskers drove off with the girls, hungry and sullen. John McCorken's red face was gaunt above his white whiskers.

"Come lie down on your bed, daughter. You're not yourself."

"I'll take a walk, pa."

She wandered up to the salt well a quarter mile above the Falls. Three sentries were squatting.

"He fooled you," she jeered. "You wanted to hang him."

The soldiers looked sorrowfully at her. One tapped his head with a finger and the others nodded.

"My brothers mine salt," she rambled on. "They drill a hole with a long pole and dip out water. It has salt in it—red salt, but it's not blood that makes it red. It's iron ore. Sometimes they strike oil. Then they bleed the mine down this ditch into the creek. Did you know that?"

"We didn't. It's very interesting."

"Have you read Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake*? No? Well, when Scotch highlanders have a war, they take a stick of burning wood like this only in the shape of a cross. A runner carries it through the hills. He waves it—like this."

"Careful, miss. I wouldn't swing that brand about."

It left her hand, sailing lazily. Flame splashed when it struck the oil in the drainage ditch. Fire began to float and then to leap in little spurts like red locusts.

"Say, miss, that's dangerous. Should we call the sergeant, boys?"

She raced downstream along the bank, clutching the heavy skirt above the knees. There was another picket at the ford.

"Halt! Who's there?"

"Shucks, Jake, it's only that looney girl. No wonder she's skeert. Look a-comin' down the river."

They let her slide over the bank unnoticed. She saw black thunderheads of burning oil not two hundred yards above the Ledge. The flames, shooting through, gave the smoke clouds a weird rose-tinted lining. As her feet touched water, her hands ripped her clothing down the

front. Even the wild beasts of the forest would avenge a mate. It was dangerous to kill a bruin without being prepared to meet the she-bear. Something in nature fired the female instincts to heroism just as the trumpets of war fired men.

She swam with threshing limbs and tasted the oil that splashed her mouth. Oh, she knew now what his eyes were saying when he had kissed her there this afternoon. At sunrise he had seen her sitting behind the Falls just as she had seen him at sundown. His looking upon her naked body was the same as if he had possessed it. That was what he had tried to tell her. That was why he had hidden himself under the Ledge where only she, knowing where to look, had seen him.

Sudna marked the spot to dive. What if she never came up again? What if he had died of wounds or fled already without her? Or if, while she searched in the darkness, suppose the Falls went red with tumbling fire, and black suffocation filled the magic grot? Diving, she thought of Juliet drinking the potion which would wake her in the tomb. The weight of the Falls upon Sudna's back seemed to scorch the skin. She emerged from black waters into black space. Her voice was soundless, but she shouted for the pure joy of using his Christian name for the first time.

"Luke! Luke!"

Her groping hands touched him. Not seeing or hearing, he seemed to understand that no one but she could have found him there. She led him, stumbling and fumbling, along the blind roaring canyon till they reached dead end against the opposite bank. Still holding hands, they dove down under the surf. They were within five yards of shore, but the first flaming locusts were just hopping over the lip of the Falls. A moment later there was a black curtain between them and John McCorken's side of Wild Turkey Creek.

"No other ford for ten miles," she gasped. "They can't get horses across till dawn. By that time we'll—"

She remembered and cowered, covering herself absurdly with hands and arms. Luke laughed between chattering teeth and turned away.

"In my saddle bags—there's a uniform. This way."

He found the horse where he had tied it in the morning. She dressed with the steed between them. His clothes—thank Heaven—were grotesquely large for her, but he was chuckling at something else.

"Dear, I just remembered—the General sent me out to bring in some recruits."

"And all you have," she laughed, "is a captive."

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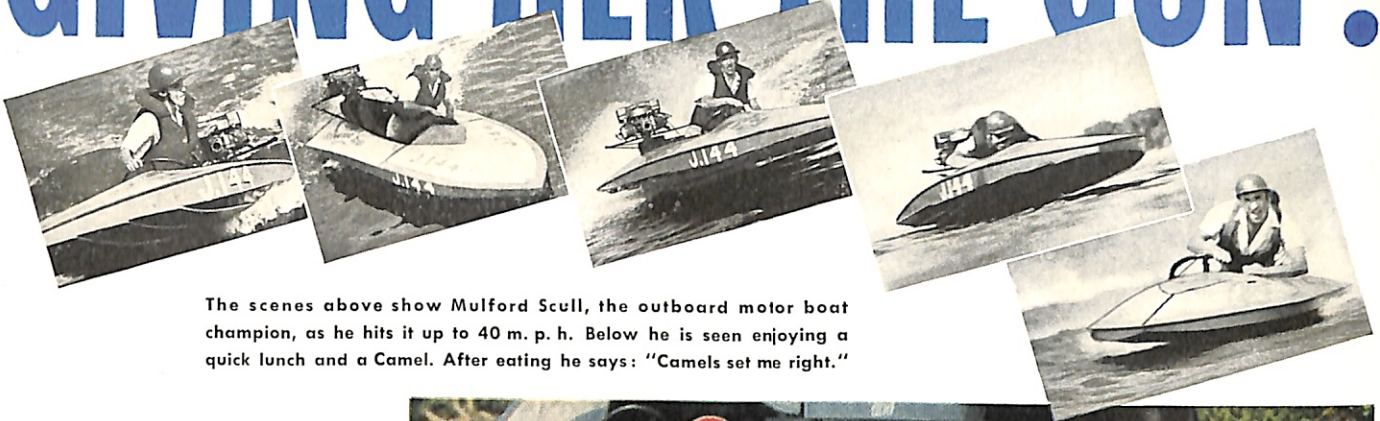
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LIKES a few fast rounds of squash racquets during his lunch hour. "When I'm tired I get a 'lift' with a Camel," says Theodore Crockett, business man.



"A **SALESGIRL** can't afford jangled nerves," says Maxine Hollen. "I've chosen Camels—once and for all. Camels don't upset my nerves or irritate my throat."

IN 1929, Mulford Scull became National Amateur Champion. This year he made a clean sweep of the Class "A" Outboard events at the Miami Regatta. The trophies he's won in his years of racing fill a room.

Jolts, vibration, nervous tension—are all part of what an outboard driver undergoes. In Mulford Scull's own words:

"The way these outboards bounce knocks the daylight out of digestion. Yet when chow comes around, I'm right there—all set with Camels. They help keep my digestion on an even keel. And they never jangle my nerves."

JACK OAKIE IS BACK ON THE AIR!

Tune in on the fun-making President of Oakie College and his college variety show, including *Benny Goodman's Swing Band*, this Tuesday night at 9:30 pm E.S.T., 8:30 pm C.S.T., 7:30 pm M.S.T., 6:30 pm P.S.T.—WABC-CBS.

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Camels are made from finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS**...

Turkish and Domestic
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